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THE ANTIQUARI SOCIETY.

THE
SCOURGE.

JUNE 1, 1812.

THE FEAST OF LOYALTY.

'Twas at the solemn feast of loyal sinners
Who love their country dearly as their dinners,
Aloft in awful state,
Kit Smith the vintner sate,
Rais'd on a cushioned throne:
His brother aldermen were placed around,
Their brows with spreading antlers crown'd,
So city spouses should be found;
His lovely lady by his side,
Sat like a plump high German bride,
Not less for fat renown'd than pride;
Happy, happy, happy pair,
None but Kit Smith, none but Kit Smith,
None but Kit Smith, e'er kissed the bouncing pair.

Obsequious Dignum placed on high,
Surveys with mute desire
The tempting feast, beneath his eye,
Then licks his lips, and then proceeds to try,
Such notes as civic joys require.

The song began from Billy's toil,
Who boldly left his native soil,
Resolv'd to share in war's turmoil:
A col'nel's uniform belied the man;

In his own yacht so loftily he sail'd,
The sea gods their degraded state bewailed,
Eclipsed by him, as o'er the vessel's prow,
He thro' his opera glass surveyed the waves below:
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present Nelson—loud they shout around,
A present Nelson,—loud the raftered halls rebound.
With prick'd-up ears,
Kit Smith the vintner hears;
Assumes the warrior's frown,
And shakes the room about his ears.

The praise of venison next, the hir'd Apollo sung,
Of venison, whether old or young:
The jolly haunch in triumph comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace,
It shews its currant-jelly face:
Now give each feeder breath---it comes---it comes;
Venison's beauties, old or young,
How can language e'er reveal
Fat of venison is a treasure,
Eating is the glutton's pleasure,
Sweet as stuffing is with veal.

Sooth'd with the sound, great Kit grew vain,
Eat all his custards o'er again,
And thrice he pick'd the bones of ducks, and thrice of turkies slain;
Dignum saw his stomach rise,
His yawning mouth, his longing eyes,
And while he necks and sides defied,
Changed his note and checked his pride:
He chose a Newgate muse,
Soft pity to infuse;
He sung the poacher's sad untimely fate,
By law severe, tho' good,

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging,
Swinging before the felon's gate,
For spilling sylvan blood.
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former thefts had fed;
Exposed to all this rabble town,
Without a friend to cut him down;
With joyless visage, Kit dejected sat,
  Tho still revolving in his altered soul,
The various turns of spits below,
  And now and then a *backward* sigh he stole,
While streams Pactolian sought their vent, to flow.

The modern Orpheus smiled to see,
That sleep was in the next degree;
'Twas but a drowsy strain to keep,
For muses lull their babes to sleep.
Gently dull in hum-drum numbers,
Thus he soothed his soul to slumbers;
Picking bones is toil and trouble,
Syllabub an empty bubble;
  Never ending, still beginning,
Eating, still the substance missing,
  Think if fat be worth thy winning,
Thy wife is surely worth thy kissing.
Both wife and venison see beside thee,
Take what fate, thy cook, provides thee,
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So sleep was crowned, but Dignum won the cause.

Poor Kit, scarce able to keep ope his eyes,
  Peep'd at the food
  That warm'd his blood,
And licked his lips, and lick'd his lips,
And lick'd his lips (to stir, in vain he tries;)
At length as sunk in sleep's soft arms he stretches,
The snorting alderman defiles his ———

Now tune thy whistle, Dignum, once again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break the bands of sleep asunder,
With noise more frequent than his postern thunder,
Hark! hark! the horrid sound,
Has raised up his head,
Tho' as heavy as lead,
And he stares and ——'s around.
Revenge, revenge, Apollo cries,
See the minions of excise,
See the permits that flutter in the air,
See supervisors pair by pair,
Each eager for his smuggled prize,
Behold the well known band,
Each with a *guaging* bamboo in his hand,
Run down thy cellar stairs, a dreadful train:
Their office done securely they remain,
In Round-court or in Drury-lane.

Give the drubbing due,
To the wretched crew.
Behold how they toss their noses on high,
Bid them seek Cloacina's abodes,
Congenial temples for such hostile gods,
The company pleased such expedient was hit on,
Kit Smith caught up the permits to ——
His wife the door unbarr'd
To light him to the yard,
A theme for Patty Pan to shew his wit on.

Let Curtis yield Kit Smith the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
That raised a turtle to the skies,*
Kit gorged a turtle down.

* On Sir William's expedition to Walcheren, he suspended a turtle at the prow of his yacht.

*To testify our impartiality, we give the following production of a friend as a companion to the preceding**.

We the mayor, the council and commons resplendent
Of London, on none but Bob Waithman dependant,
Beg leave to express to your Highness magnificent,
Our wish that with temper and purpose beneficent
Your council you'd purge of all profligate elves,
And be guided by none but our worshipful selves!

Oh! sad is the duty of *reiteration*,
To the citizen students of pure legislation,
But it ill would become the civic addressers,
Not to tell you the great and the multiplied pressures
Under which this afflicted community labours,
The contempt of its foes and the scorn of its neighbours,
Might all be redeemed by directly forsaking
Your own privy council, and graciously taking
For your trusty advisers, and lights of the nation,
The council so grave of this old corporation.

Most humbly we venture to tell you your treasures
Are squandered like *counters*; we hate all your *measures*,
And are sure that the people will make a great fuss,
If you don't condescend to take *pattern* by us,
But if, mighty prince, your *foreman* uncivil,
You will graciously deign to kick to the devil,
And consent for the future, as just and expedient,
To be guided by us, your slaves most obedient,
The shouts of applause shall reverberate daily,
From Whitechapel turnpike to the Old Bailey,
And we all shall confess that England ne'er knew,
So sweet and so gentle a monarch as you.

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* See the British Neptune, May 11th.

CLERICAL DECORUM.

> "Then he open'd the book, as if on it he'd look;
> "But o'er the page only, he squinted:
> "Lord—Moses—I'm vex'd—I can't find the text,
> "This book is so cursedly printed."
>
> OLD SONG.

WHAT is sauce for a goose, ought to be sauce for a gander. There is more solidity in most of these old saws, than the "learned in the art of reasoning," will easily be brought to confess. I fancy their antipathy to them, arises from the infusion of an over proportion of truth in their composition—'tis not much to be wondered at, on recollecting that the darling poet of these elucidators, logic, is the love-begotten babe of lying and dissimulation. If a porter, half seas over, rolls in a kennel, or a cobler three quarters drunk, bolts his head through a shop-window, do we not laugh at them? And do not the *parsons*, if present, join in that laugh? Why then should one of the body—cloth, &c. &c. &c. &c. under similar circumstances, be screened from derision;

> "Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*;"

and if a clergyman will, in open defiance of decorum, persist in the commission of those acts, which cast odium even on a coal-heaver; let him be hoisted aloft, as a butt for public infamy—up let him go, even though he should wear a mitre.

In the immediate vicinity of this place, only a few weeks since, the body of a child was carried to the church-yard for interment, the cavalcade halted—no minister—the *gentleman*—I beg pardon, as he was only a curate, the *journeyman gentleman* in holy orders, was not to be found on the premises—messengers were dispatched various ways; and one more lucky than his

fellows, had the honor of popping upon his reverence, and taking him in tow (like a bear to the stake) to the scene of action. His appearance beggared all description; after a superabundance of fumbling, he was arrayed; and the book ready opened tendered to him with the utmost humility by his clerk: but no, thank ye—this savoring rather too much of dictation; he whips over the leaves, and begins, "Dearly beloved, ye have brought the child here to be baptized," Sir, Sir, says the clerk, you are wrong—hum, aye *by G-d, so I am*—O—here it is—"Secondly, it was ordained as a remedy against sin, and to avoid forni-fornication, that such---such---per-persons as had not the gift—the gift of con-conti-continence might, might, do what?—marry and"—Lord have mercy upon us, Sir, says Moses—Why, why, you are got into matrimony, Sir—*I'll be d—d if I am not*, says the parson. The humble attendant now strenuously endeavoured to fix his attention to the right page, but in vain—off he goes again—"Happy is the man, that has---that has his qui-quiver full of them." Loud murmurs of disapprobation mixed with the audible sobs of the afflicted parents, now assailed his ears: he started, stared as if just awaked---and exclaimed, *I'll be d—d to h-ll, if I can do it*, and away he staggered. Very few words, indeed, by way of comment are necessary on procedure like this---it speaks for itself, with most "miraculous organs;" one would scarcely suppose it possible for any thing to be offered as palliative in such a case: yet, such is the force of habitual wrong-headedness, that numerous excuses have been framed and set up—such as the day was intensely cold; on leaving a warm room, the air operated too potently on the very moderate quantity of *beverage*. Not liquor mind ye—not the stuff that makes folk drunk—but *the beverage* he had taken---that had the parents acted *properly*, when they perceived the gentleman a *little indisposed*, they should have adjourned the business, till the

next day; that characters like his ought not to be viewed with too critical an eye, considering the complexion of the times, as his *loyalty* was beyond suspicion, he never suffering for a moment any sentiment, expressed in his presence, favouring the repeal of the *test and corporation acts*, to pass without his most severe and pointed reprehension; (perhaps it should have been added, whilst he was sober enough to articulate.)

To all which genteel—considerate—linsey woolsey, I reply—the same law which authorizes the sending to durance vile a *journeyman cobler* for drunkenness, and neglect of business—ought under like circumstances, to operate in like manner upon a *journeyman parson.*

OBSERVER.

Nottingham, April 12th, 1812.

THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.

SIR,

THE insolence of persons in office has been so long notorious that it is surprising our directors, commissioners, &c. do not find clerks who are more courteous and more attentive. Every master is accountable for the offences of his servant. If the driver of a hackney coach be insolent, the master of that coach becomes responsible to the insulted person. Why should not masters of a higher station make atonement for the indiscretions of *their* servants? Let every clerk be immediately discharged upon any complaint of negligence or incivility, and we shall then find in our public offices more attention and politeness. To the insolence of office may partly be attributed the murder of our late prime minister. The

assassin declared at the bar of the House of Commons that he was told "he might do his worst." Enraged at this reply, like a second *Zanga*, he meditated revenge and exultingly exclaimed,

———————————'Twas I!
I hated! I despised! and I destroyed!

This ought to be a caveat to men in office; they should beware of insolent replies, which, for aught they know, may have a fatal tendency. But it may be asked what are they to do with troublesome people? Surely the laws of our country afford them remedies in this case. What is the use of our constables, &c.? It is not by irritating insolence that troublesome people can be appeased.

Has the deep adder venom? So has man
When trod upon!

In the Bank of England we meet with some very civil characters and some of a very opposite nature. What a pity that civility should not be universal! It has happened that a person from the country who had business at the bank, and was totally unacquainted with the place, applied to one of the clerks who was reading his newspaper. The clerk enraged at this intrusion, petulantly replied—"why do you ask me? Go on—enquire and you'll be told." Probably the poor stranger made many enquiries without being told; indeed if all the clerks were of the same disposition, his enquiries must have been both numerous and fruitless. Soon after a gentleman (who had witnessed the uncouth manner in which the stranger had been treated,) came to the clerk, who was still reading his newspaper, and said, "Sir, you have given me two warrants instead of one" "Two!" echoed the clerk—"Is it possible? I wonder how that could have happened." "I'll tell you how it happened," said the gentleman in a sarcastic tone. "You were reading your newspaper instead of attending to your business. Had you done

your duty the two warrants could not have stuck together, and the stranger who asked you a civil question, would have received the information he wanted." This reproof had a proper effect, the clerk instantly laid down the newspaper, and went to his books.

In Somerset-house many instances of rudeness and neglect may be enumerated—"you must wait;" "have patience"—"I cannot attend to you yet," are the common replies;—at the same time these *busy, attentive* clerks are perhaps standing by the fire, consulting where they shall dine the ensuing Sunday, or displaying their critical abilities on a new play or a new performer.

Every public office daily exhibits similar examples, some more and some less. And to what may this be attributed? The truth is, men of idle habits are employed instead of men of industry and talents. We may frequently see in the diurnal prints a handsome reward offered to any lady or gentleman who will procure the advertiser a situation *not* in one of the public offices! Thus interest obtains what merit is entitled to. Is it to be supposed that a person of abilities should be obliged in London—"the seat of arts and elegance" to purchase an employment? Employments, thus purchased, we must certainly understand to be situations where there is *little to do*, and the purchaser must be gentlemen unaccustomed to toil, without either the inclination or ability for business—Whether they read the newspaper, indulge in idle conversation, or devote only two hours in the day to business, they receive a regular salary, while the hard-working mechanic is only paid according to his labour. We need not wonder then, that persons in office are insolent and indifferent. The author of Zorinski admirably censures this contumely. When asked why he did not return a bow, one of his characters replies

"I can't——I am in office."

The answer to this is also an excellent satire on the general mode by which those situations are obtained—

"And I suppose you stooped so low to get into office, that you have got a pain in the back ever since."

It has been asserted that the insolence of office has been highly advantageous to a certain ministerial paper, which derived all its consequence from the dignified air and theatrical struts of the clerk. Whoever brought an advertisement was obliged to wait the leisure of this gentleman, and the indifference with which it was taken, caused many to imagine that the newspaper, then in a consumption, was in a thriving state, and by this means it acquired that consequence which it stood so much in need of. The example has been followed by clerks in other newspaper offices, but perhaps not with the same success, as they do not *act their parts* so well.

In public offices, however, insolence can be attended with no advantage; on the contrary it must be injurious to the state; and, therefore, it behoves all directors, commissioners, &c. to employ only men who are civil and industrious. If a linen-draper or grocer keep a saucy journeyman he loses his custom; and certainly government must frequently sustain losses by the neglect and rudeness of their servants. In all public offices a list of the names of the clerks, mentioning each department should be held up to public view, with an address for receiving complaints; and though I would not wish every frivolous complaint to be attended to, yet this would certainly be the means of insuring attention and politeness.

CASTIGATOR.

NOBLE PUGILISTS.

SIR,

The art of boxing has been defended by its admirers and professors as contributing to banish from among the

English people those secret and murderous ways of revenge so prevalent on the continent of Europe. Pugilism, it is asserted, accustoms its practisers to a fair and manly mode of determining animosities; in which no opening is admitted, nor any indulgence allowed, to subterfuge and trickery. It affords a just and open trial of the manly endowments of the combatants, and is unaccompanied by those circumstances of sanguinary atrocity that distinguish the various modes of personal contention peculiar to the other nations of Europe.

That all this, when applied to the situation of the lower orders, has an air of plausibility, I shall not dispute. A game at fisticuffs may keep the visitors of Gregson out of greater mischief, and be a more innocent mode of deciding quarrels than the employment of the pistol or the stiletto. But in the name of common sense and decorum, in what way does the argument apply to our young nobility, to the sons of our naval heroes, and the brothers of our statesmen. It might be supposed that *with them* there would be found a *native* superiority to stratagem and meanness; that the laws of honor would be so deeply impressed upon their minds as to exempt them from the necessity of pugilistic drilling; and that their time would be so precious, and their pursuits so honourable, as to render their attendance at Jackson's a matter of serious regret to their country and their friends. It is nevertheless most certain, that among the frequent visitors of the C——e in Holborn, may be found the descendants and the relatives of our national worthies, conversing with the lowest of the populace, and attempting to outrival the *milling coves* of that temple of blackguardism, in all the varieties of slang, and all their peculiarities of manner.

Two of these individuals, men whom fortune has nursed in the lap of refinement; whose rank entitles them to senatorial honours, and whose wealth might enable them to indulge in rational and elegant pleasures, not content with avowing their admiration of the art, or expressing by occasional familiarities their dis-

position to encourage its professors, absolutely *live* with them; luxuriating in the delights of purl, and indulging in the repeated orgies of mingled obscenity and blasphemy. Having occasion the other day to inquire after one of these *gentlemen* (an old schoolfellow,) I was informed by his servant that he might be found at Gregson's Hotel, in Holborn. "Gregson's Hotel," thought I; "it is a strange part of the town that my friend has chosen for his temporary residence;" however, I ordered my coachman to drive to the place thus designated, but no Gregson's Hotel was to be found. Wearied out with being driven from Drury-lane to Hatton Garden, and from Hatton Garden to Drury-lane, I at length arrived at a hair-dresser's, resolved to make my enquiries in person. No sooner had I mentioned the object of my search than the fellow exclaimed, "Odds bobs, Sir, I'll be moozled if he be not one of the *fancy lads* among the fighting gills. A dozen to a penny that you are quite deep in the *fancy lay*. Beardmore! Beardmore at Gregson's Hotel: Why Lord, Sir, he is one of the most flaming *millers* you can conceive. Gregson's Hotel! That's a good joke! Ha! ha! ha! Come, Sir, I'll take you to him; and if you be in fighting trim, why he'll give you your *bellyful* on't." So saying, he preceded us, till we came to the wished for place, which turned out to be nothing more than a pothouse. I was ushered into a room, in which about thirty people, enveloped in smoak, were testifying their good fellowship, by their uproriousness. As soon as my friend, (who was sitting in the very midst of them, with *dominos* before him, and a pipe in his mouth,) observed me, he started up, and approaching me in a boxing attitude, was about to give me a *hit* in the stomach, which I prevented mechanically, rather than scientifically, and which if it had taken place, would have given a mortal blow to our mutual friendship. Perceiving that he was about to renew the attack, and surprized at such a mode of salutation, I exclaimed, "Hold, hold! don't murder me: I came hither to testify my friendship, and not to quarrel.

My confusion, and the tone in which I spoke, excited a universal laugh in those who surrounded me. Oh! Oh! exclaimed one of them, I see you belong to the *shy cocks*, and are *afear'd* of a *fibbing*. My friend having recovered himself begged my pardon for his rudeness, and assured me "that nothing but a knack of doing things as *them there fellows*," should have made him behave in so eccentric a manner. "But never mind, he continued, it's all as well as it is: come and join our squad, and d——n my eyes if you be not as well entertained as ever you were in all your *born days*." Surprized at such language from a friend, whom I knew to have received the education of a gentleman, I could not but lament the infatuation that appeared to have depraved his mind, and corrupted his manners. His friend, however, was a more deplorable picture of fatuity than himself. In the chair was seated the Hon. B. C.; his duty was to repeat the toasts, and arrange the succession of the songs. The former were without exception either obscene or blasphemous, and the latter would have done no discredit to the purlieus of Drury-lane. Curiosity, as well as some degree of anxiety to remonstrate with my friend on our journey homewards, detained me, and I took my seat amidst the plaudits of the company.

Immediately after the toast of the monosyllable, Mr. *Emery* was called upon for a song. He complied without hesitation, and I presume, therefore, that the *gemman* was well paid for his condescension. Such a tissue of vulgarity and blasphemy was never before uttered by a respectable performer, or listened to by the heirs apparent of nobility. It was a favourite ditty, I understood, and had been written expressly for the occasion of Crib's triumphant feast immediately subsequent to his victory over Molineux. The first stanza, which is in the true style of *flash sing-song*, affords sufficient evidence of the piety of the auditors and of the singer.

I.

Come list ye all ye fighting *gills*,
And coves of boxing note, Sirs,
Whilst I relate some bloody *mills*
In our time have been fought, Sirs,
Whoe'er saw *Ben* and *Tom* display
Could tell a pretty story,
The milling bout they got that day,
Sent both *ding dong to glory.*

The third stanza is equally remarkable for elegance and decorum, and the fourth conspicuous for the classic felicity of its puns.

III.

All nations came to claim the prize,
Amongst them many a don, Sirs,
And Billy Ward swore *blast* his eyes,
He'd *mill* them every one, Sirs,
At Bexley-heath, it happed one day,
He was beaten black and blue, Sirs,
By one deep in the fancy lay,
'Twas little Dan, the Jew, Sirs,

IV.

The *Ruffian* young next on the list,
Laid claim to boxing merits;
A mere pretender to the fist,
Who dealt in wine and spirits.
His hits were *rum*, none can deny,
His *black-strap* none could bear it,
But of his *hog's-head* he was shy,
Lest they should tap his *claret*.

Stanza the tenth, contains a curious and happy example of the hyperbole.

X.

Next rings the fame of gallant *Crib*,
A cool and steady miller;
Who late of Yorkshire went to fib,
A first rate man of colour.
No matter whether black or white,
No tint of skin could save him,
A *horse's kick was pure delight*,
To the BELLY PUNCH he gave him.

Stanza the twelfth, and last, introduces with the utmost delicacy, a compliment to Captain Barclay—a complimentto which no one will deny the justice of that gentleman's pretensions, who knows that he paid for it.

Now fill your glasses to the brim,
And honor well my toast, Sirs,
" May we be found in fighting trim,
" When Boney treads our coast, Sirs,
The gallant Barclay shall lead on,
The fancy lads adore him:
And devil or Napoleon,
Leave us alone to floor him.

Scarcely had the tenth stanza been *encored*, before a general murmur pervaded the room, and several sturdy fellows, apparently of the milling tribe, began to square their elbows, and put themselves in various attitudes of defiance. These I understood were the friends of Molineux, whose resentment had been aroused by the contemptuous mention of the man of colour. The opposite party observing the indications of an approaching storm, were already on the alert. The Hon. B. C. always prepared for action, on occasions of so much importance, and willing to act as a moderator between the contending parties, having cleared the table of the red-herrings, the tobacco, and the geneva, " rose upon his legs, and with

a tankard in one hand, and his watch in the other, exhorted the company to unanimity. "Oh, ye milling coves," he exclaimed "silence is worth a jew's eye at any time, b——t me if it ben't. Its all very well to be in fighting trim, when one wants to give the young ones a milling; but what's the signification of showing off to one another here. Why, lord! people will take us for a parcel of flats. Not that I care a farthing for myself—*my cat's meat*, G— be praised, is as sound as any cove's in England, and as for my bottom, and an't you all seen it, and an't I ready to shew it at any time? But I hate a *set-to* among fancy lads when they should be jolly, so I'd have you put your ponderosities under hatches and keep your pluck for another market." This speech was received with enthusiasm, and succeeded by a multitude of toasts and songs of which I shall not insult you, or degrade myself by the repetition. Suffice it to say, that the two honorables were taken home at three o'clock, in a state of intoxication, besmeared with blood, and, to use the language of their companions, in *a decent pickle, and with two black eyes in nubibus.*

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

P. P.

MRS. CLARKE AND MR. COMRIE, ATTORNEY AND MONEY SCRIVENER.

Though the name of Mrs. Clarke has been long the theme of hackneyed anecdote and puerile observation, the history of herself and her subordinate agents has lost but little of its original interest. The intrigues of a clever woman, placed by a singular concurrence of circumstances in a situation that enabled her to determine the pro-

fessional fate of a large proportion of the community, must equally attract the attention of the busy and the idle, and the singularities of coincidence so observable in the gradual developement of the evidence, exhibit a useful subject, of study to the lawyer, and of speculation to the moralist.

It is in the highest degree creditable to her abilities that she alone has escaped from the ordeal of public observation, and the pursuit of exalted anger, or popular prejudice, in a more enviable situation than at the outset of the enquiry. With the resignation of the duke, we are all acquainted; Colonel Wardle overwhelmed with debt and disgrace, has retired from the observation of the multitude to enjoy in rural solitude the luxury of retrospection; the gasconades of Clavering, the explanations of Folkestone, and the journies of Sir Richard, have contributed to the amusement of the public, and to the establishment of her claims; and the issue of her late proceedings against Mr. Comrie, her solicitor, are equally indicative of her spirit and her good fortune.

It will be recollected that in the progress of the investigation, Lord Folkstone was in the habit of constantly visiting Mrs. Clarke, "running up and down stairs like a cat," and assisting her when he could obtain an interview with verbal advice. On one of his visits he was introduced to Mr. Comrie, and not being prepossessed in his favor by his address or conversation, he took the liberty in a note to express his opinion of him in this laconic form of admonition "BEWARE OF THAT COMRIE!" The result of Mrs. Clarke's experience does credit to his lordship's sagacity; and convinces us that his acuteness is less doubtful than his discretion.

About two years ago Mrs. Clarke having received the stipulated price of suppression, from the Duke of York, was desirous to invest some portion of it in annuities. She therefore drew 3000l. from the bank and vested it in the hands of Mr. Comrie; intimating at the same time that she would expect him to act the part of a

banker, and as he would be in the regular receipt or possession of considerable sums on her account, she would expect that whenever she wanted fifty or a hundred pounds, he would accommodate her with it. To this he answered that if it would do her any service he would gladly acquiesce in the arrangement. Mrs. Clarke replied that she did not ask it as a favor; that it was rather a favor conferred on him, and was the result of a wish to serve him. He assented by complying with the terms of the agreement, and for some time his payments to Mrs. Clarke were as punctual and as expeditious as could be wished. But at length he began to return evasive answers to her solicitations for money. She, however, became urgent as he became ambiguous; and having written a letter to him, couched in strong and determined language, she received for answer that he had no money belonging to her in his hands, "for her account had been already balanced." Astonished at so unexpected a reply, she transmitted him a statement of her demands, and finding that her remonstrances were not attended to, she put her case into the hands of an attorney, who called upon Mr. Comrie, and was told by him that Mrs. Clarke was an infamous woman, that she would say any thing, that he had none of her money in his hands, that he had never been employed by her to purchase annuities, and that he should stake his character against her calumnies. The attorney either unacquainted with his profession, or afraid of the success of a *femme couverte* in a civil suit, declared his inability to proceed, and the case was then put into the hands of Harrison the attorney by whose exertions Jew King was convicted of perjury. Unfortunately for Mr. Comrie, he had forgotten that Mrs. Clarke was in the habit of filing the letters of her friends, and that he had frequently written to her on the subject of the annuities. On examining the correspondence, Harrison obtained the clue to a perfect developement of the affair. He compared the dates of the letters with those of the annuity bonds, and obtained

from them sufficient evidence of their transmission through his hands. On looking at the bonds themselves, and enquiring after the parties in whose names they were drawn, there appeared to be sufficient ground for charging Mr. Comrie with the insertion of fictitious names for the purpose of fraud, and a bill of indictment being presented to the grand jury of Middlesex, they immediately found it *true.* Mr. Comrie who till this event took place, had maintained a tone of absolute defiance, now expressed his wish for a compromise. He made proposals to Mrs. Clarke for an accommodation, and as money and not revenge was her object, she consented to refer the matter to arbitration : the gentlemen on whom the office of arbitrators devolved awarded 2000l. to Mrs. Clarke, and on the day of trial Mr. Alley having declined to bring forward any evidence to the facts, the prisoner was acquitted.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

The true object of antiquarian research is not to rake together in one undistinguished heap the riches and the refuse of former ages, but to separate the materials that possess an intrinsic and immutable value from the ancient dross by which they may be surrounded. A key is not an object of value or interest merely because it is old and rusty ; nor should the honors that are due to learning and genius be ascribed to the pedant, or the versifier, because he happened to exist in the reign of Edward. Yet as connected with important events, and elucidative of general views of history and manners the most insignificant relique becomes an object of rational curiosity : and it might be expected therefore that the Antiquarian Society would require of its members a moderate regard

to the abstract or relative importance of the subjects to which they direct their observations and enquiries; that they should not dwell with serious prolixity on an image or an inscription, unless the image itself were worthy of admiration for its intrinsic beauty, or the inscription had an obvious application to the general purposes of science; that they should occupy the society with such facts only as were valuable in themselves, or derived a claim to importance from some connection pointed out with other topics of investigation; and that they should be less eager to announce unimportant discoveries than to combine and apply the materials that their predecessors have collected.

But of system or philosophy, the members of the Antiquarian Society have no conception. Throughout the seventeen volume s of the Archæologia, there are not more than three essays written in the true spirit of antiquarian research, and combining instructive speculation with minuteness of detail. The very index to these ponderous volumes (for the compilation of which Mr. Carlisle received 300l.) exhibits a just picture of the minds and acquisitions of his colleagues. The following are conspicuous subjects under the letter B.

"Breasrign an Irish monarch.

"Brembro or Grenacre, Sir Richard, knt. his combat."

"Bridgeman the gardener.

"Bridgen. Edward F. A. S. the treasurer of the society in 1775."

"Bryer Robert, F. A. S. his exhibition of impressions from two brass seals, discovered in digging the foundation for the county gaol at Gloucester."

"Byset John, Barony of.

"Babewynis, Baboons."

"Bag, an account of one, of some very coarse vegetable stuff, containing bones discovered in a barrow, in the linkes of Skail in Orkney."

"*Barber*, the instruction to Henry the eighth's.

"Barnwood in the county of Gloucester, its ancient font.

"Barnakle or clerkis

"Base Leres, pieces of money.

"Brickernes, an ancient armourer's tool.
"Birdcage walk, in St. James's Park, etymology of the name.
"Bittern, or Bitter, the proper term in carving it in 1508.
——"204 of them provided at the great enthronization feast of George Nevil, Archbishop of York, 6th of Edward IV."

The collection or discovery of insulated facts, like those enumerated in the preceding list, can only be excused when it is accompanied by a spirit of generalization that ennobles the mean, and adorns the unattractive. The society is not to be blamed for attending to minute particulars, but for doing nothing else; and the Archæologia bears less resemblance to the volumes that ought to be issued under the imprimatur of the society, than the notes and references of Gibbon, may be supposed to have possessed to his finished history.

Not that they deserve particular credit, even for their activity or perseverance, as the *pioneers* of literature. The productions of a few individuals, claiming only a nominal connection with the society, and deriving no assistance from their funds, far excel in patient enquiry and laborious research, all that they have collectively produced. If Mr. Nichols be willing to ascribe the glory of his labours to the Antiquarian Society, who is there to share, or dispute the antiquarian pre-eminence of a Whitaker?

That there are men of talent among them, cannot be disputed. We could mention the names of many individuals, whose learning and abilities would do honor to the proudest of our national institutions; but their efforts to extend and exalt the reputation of the society, are relaxed, or obstructed by the intrigues and the jealousies of men, who in their dread of comparisons, that they know would be unfavorable to themselves, do all they can to keep genius and erudition at a distance; who, conscious that to engage in legitimate contest would be to ensure their own defeat, descend to the most degrading artifices, that meanness stimulated by fear, is able to

invent, and accomplish by the united force of calumny and malice the banishment or interdiction of the learned and the good.

The newly elected president, Lord Aberdeen, whose abilities are testified his by examination of *Dutens* on the antiquity of the arch, in the Edinburgh Review, was *dragged* into his present situation by the officious interference of impertinent friends, and the intrigues of an individual, who of himself alone, is a *tower* of strength to the aristocratic party. Cold, supercilious and hypocritical: suspicious of his equals, a model of servility to the great, and of insolence to the little: envious of rival talent to a degree, bordering on insanity: a persevering book-maker, yet affecting to despise the profession of letters; this dabbler of antiquities, throughout whose ponderous writings not a single paragraph occurs, that displays original research, or contains an original idea, assumes the importance of a Mæcenas, while he practices the servilities of a Rufellus, and brow-beats genuine talent into silence, while he barters flattery for the attention of greatness. Having a superficial acquaintance with drawing, he strenuously opposes the introduction of every individual, who may be suspected of outvying him in the exercise of the pencil; having some claim to the appellation of a topographer, he is anxious to exclude, or to banish from the meetings, with the imputation of book-making quackery, every individual engaged in similar pursuits.

The secretaryship of the society is committed to Nicholas Carlisle, Esquire; the dull compiler of dull topographical dictionaries which contain neither definition nor etymology. He is a prosing inanimate retailer of dates and names: without the erudition of a scholar, or the correctness of a manufacturer of indices. His coadjutors and emulators are Samuel Lysons and —— Carter. The former of those persons is the author of Antiquities of Gloucestershire, consisting of slight etchings, accompanied by slighter descriptions; an expen-

sive kind of pattern drawing-book, entitled, *Reliquiæ Romanæ*, and is now engaged on a work called Magna Britannia, which arranges the counties of England, not according to their geographical situation, but their place in the alphabet, but which we suppose to be as correct as plodding industry, uninspired by genius or philosophy can make it. Mr. Carter is an indefatigable contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine. He draws with some degree of skill, and no man can be more accurately enthusiastic on the merits of a rusty pocket-piece, or the meaning of an obliterated inscription.

These gentlemen and other individuals of *equal* talent and equal learning, are extensive contributors to the Archæologia, of which the essays are greater curiosities than the antiquities they are intended to record or elucidate. Stephen Weston on rusty coins; unwieldy plates, drawn by Carter, and engraved, or rather manufactured, by James Basire; insipid dissertations by Nicholas Carlisle; and notes on the *Grigyrrys* and the *Mandingos*, by Samuel Lysons, constitute the prominent contents of a work which is and ought to be considered as the repository of the society's most interesting papers. That the communication of more valuable articles to the society, or their publication when transmitted, has only been prevented by the undue influence of literary gossips, and envious compilers of books, and copiers of records, will not be disputed by any individual who has visited the rooms of the institution.

Previous to admission the certificates of three members are required, declaring that the candidate is well versed in the antiquities of his country. Of the truth and honor of the proposers, the reader of the list will be able to form a proper estimate, when he finds the well known names of the Duke of Norfolk, Landseer, the engraver, Sheriff Birch, Mr. Adolphus, and (*mirabile dictu*) Lord Valentia.

The honor of admission is rated at so low a value, or its

offices fulfilled with such a mixture of negligence and folly, that for some time, the walls were adorned with a list of defaulters, on the account of their original admission, or their annual subscriptions, and the names of Blore, Sir Egerton Brydges, Landseer, Mr. Tighe, and several eminent individuals, were exhibited to the fellows and the visitors, with the amount of their respective debts in the opposite column.

On the intrigues that have lately distracted the society, and have led to the election of Lord Aberdeen, in the place of Sir Harry Englefield, we shall express our sentiments at another opportunity. A man of spirit might yet do much towards the reformation of the society: with funds so extensive, and patronage so powerful as it possesses, it ought to be the chief contributor to the information and amusement of the public. But this effect cannot be obtained, unless there shall be found some one individual whose enthusiasm in the pursuit of science, is equalled by his knowledge of the world, and his personal intrepidity. Such men as those whom we have described, when properly opposed, sink into comparative non-existence: and we hope that even the present observations, hasty and imperfect as they are, will tend to arouse the respectable members of the institution from their lethargy, and excite them to resolve that the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries shall no longer be reserved as a temple to Morpheus, of which a Lysons and a Carter declare themselves the priests.

THE EMPIRE OF THE NAIRS, &c.

PART II.

"The Empire of the Nairs!" a countess cries,
"Utopian fields beneath our northern skies?
Bless'd be the dame, the magic of whose glance
Shall e'er produce this country of romance.
Yes, I confess, my fancy wafts me far
To the gay scenes that smile in Malabar.
In waking vision and in nightly dream
I see the Indus pour his sacred stream;
The beaux and belles disporting on the banks,
Plunge in the wave, and play a thousand pranks.
I see their lovely countesses resort
In their green girdles to th' Imperial court;
This simple girdle is their only pride,
No whalebone citadel, no hoops of six feet wide.
Light is their dress, and lighter is their dance,
They waltz, and Honi soit qui mal y pense.
Though weak my charms, they captivate some Nair;
I wake, and find myself in Berkeley-square.
If any prospect tempt us to remain
To grace the lustre of the future reign,
We will not vegetate—the times are o'er
When monarchs rose at six, and dined at four.
Let pedants guide the dull machine of state,
But let this reign be one continued fete,
His sire might quit his matrass with the lark,
The son is rich enough to keep a clerk;
Tellers have deputies—may he not too?
The R—— writes enough who writes a billet-doux."

She said—when lo! the brazen trumpets sound,
And to the gaping populace around
North, south, east, west, the herald king declares,
The court adopts the system of the Nairs.

When great Semiramis in days of yore*
Founded her empire on the Indian shore,
Thro' the wide eastern world the princess saw
Her sex the victims of the partial law:
For legislator man had judged that she
Should be his slave, his private property.
And as the miser hides his ill-got pelf,
To keep his pounds and shillings to himself,
The husband, whom vile jealousy alarms,
Forces his vassal wife to veil her charms.
While modesty, the source of female woe,
Was the pretext that humbled her so low.
So the sagacious queen, to cut the root
Of evil, and prevent the noxious fruit,
Ordain'd in freedom's cause, an annual rite,
A noble dame should bathe in public sight.
By such an institute th' imperial dame
Banish'd from all her realms all sense of shame,
Form'd by such laws the Nairesses were free,
And nature triumph'd over decency.

To tempt the fair to give their project o'er,
And fix the truants on their native shore,
(And why to Calicut should beauty roam
When love prepares a Malabar at home?)
The P—— resolves each pleasure to advance,
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by night, and dejeunes by day.
His scarlet pages bid the noble train
Repair to folly's fashionable fane;
But now no more a theatre it proves,
'Tis a pantheon for the sex he loves.†
No more the dome repeats the eunuch's squall,
Now female merit decorates the wall.

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* Empire of the Nairs, vol. 1. page 101.
† Ibid. vol. 11—192.

Above, below, in marble and in stone,
Th' illustrious dames of every age and zone,
Both they, whose gallantries acquired applause,
And they who fell the martyrs of the cause,
Appear, Aspasia, Lais, Messaline,
Ninon the sage, and catholic Christine.
Semiramis there pulls her husband's ear
Here Katherine beckons to a grenadier.
Nor less the busts of British heroines prove
That Britain might become the isle of love.
And many niches unpossest remain
For the fair worthies of the present reign.
The dames of Albion in the midst behold
Harlotta's statue wrought in solid gold,
The great Harlotta, William's dam divine,
And the first mother of the Norman line,
For give the heralds all their merit due,
They can't mount higher than a W.
Below the pedestal her statue graced
The golden bath in readiness is placed.

But hark! th' artillery roars, the turrets ring,
And thousand minstrels strike the quivering string.
The massy door unfolds in all its pride,
The R——— enters, girt on every side,
With all who charm, who counsel, or command,
The rank, the wit, the beauty of the land.
Warriors, who frown in military show,
Whiskers above, and sabres dash below;
Mitres and coronets; the gartered knee,
The steward's wand, and chamberlain's gold key.
But chief the fair attract the R——'s care,
And chief the M——— amid the fair;
Th' inferior beauties, ranged on either hand,
Shrink at her air of dignified command,
Yet while they see her fair without compeer,
Something will whisper in a female ear,
" Fair as she is, no rival should despair,
The P——— is fickle as the dame is fair."

The phoenix knight, arrayed as king at arms,
Proclaims the empire, and extolls its charms,
Th' imperial bird, expiring on the nest,
Burns on his back and blazes on his breast,
The proclamation he both said and sung,
In French, in German, and in English tongue.
And had he been there, he had sure been able,
To found his empire at the fall of Babel*.

The R—— shines a meteor from afar,
Gay as his plume, and brilliant as his star,
For him the dames all other loves despise,
And daughters blush whene'er he meets their eyes,
With fluttering hearts they see him now advance,
And scan their beauties with a critic's glance,
And to the dame, whom all-excelling grace,
Distinguishes as goddess of the place
To her the conscious handkerchief he flings;
Forward the eager dame enraptured springs,
And catches it—her girdle is untied,
Down falls to earth her robes impurpled pride,
And she in naked majesty is seen,
Beneath the statue of the Norman quean:
Naked as Venus rising from the sea,
Or as Godiva rode thro' Coventry.
The while she bathes a voice in Lydian measure
Chants a delicious air in praise of pleasure,
Ladies! appláud the bard ye all adore,
The Irish nightingale, Anacreon M——

And who was the distinguish'd dame whose hand
Caught the imperial token of command?
Who was the fairest in the critic's view,
To whom the palm of excellence was due?
Who was the dame?—Historians can't agree,
'Twas such an honour to some family.

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* Mr. Lawrence has already published his romance in three languages.

That every pious son and tender brother
Hints that it was his sister or his mother.

See the bold Baron prancing thro' the hall,
Fling down his glove, and fiercely challenge all,
His very steed has such a martial air,
Some take it for the charger of Lord Mayor,
" Tho' I arrive too late to see the dame
Nor have adored her charms, nor heard her name,
Yet I maintain whoe'er a prince approves
Must be the very mother of the loves."

He says, and waves his sabre quart and tierce,
None dare to combat with a knight so fierce,
Hear then, ye gods, he cries, a Baron swear,
" Hear, powers of Paphos and M——— square,*
Who the dame is I neither know nor care,
But she must be the fairest of the fair
He who denies it, is a captive Nair,
And these black whiskers of Hungarian hair,
Which none but Magnates should presume to wear,
And comb and razor have been taught to spare,
These will I sacrifice when any prove more fair."

This said, he spurs his charger from the hall,
Unhappy Baron! here thy laurels fall,
Thy creditors are waiting in the street;
And ah! what powers can save thee from the Fleet?
Fortune assists the bold—in antient Rome,
When any culprit march'd towards his doom,
Should but a vestal meet him on the way
Th' obedient lictors straight released their prey,
There superstition waged with reason war,
But reason legislates in Malabar,
And all the laws of an enlighten'd nation
Are wisely framed t' encourage population:

* See the verses of Sophia.

So when a princess of imperial blood
Conceives an infant for the public good,
When her proud pregnancy parades the streets,
Her presence pardons any rogue she meets,
Spendthrifts exult, and criminals escape,
And debtors worship her auspicious shape.*

And now in Britain, Indian laws prevail,
Thus fortune saved the Baron from a jail,
The court gazette and papers of the day,
Announced a princess in a hopeful way;
For this event the nation's vows were raised,
The goblet sparkled and the bonfire blazed,
Now as the tipstaffs led the youth along,
He spied her highness midst a loyal throng;
While she who felt her time so near at hand,
Was buying baby-linen in the Strand.
Forward he presses, and in suppliant strain,
Falls on his knee and catches at her train,
The princess turns and smiles—his terrors cease,
The bailiff bows, and must depart in peace,
The Baron trusts his whiskers to the wind,
And leaves his grumbling creditors behind.
They've seized his uniform, his Russian furs,
His Hessian boots and military spurs;
So he, that would be a Hussar complete,
May now equip himself in Monmouth Street.

PROGRESS OF BANKRUPTCY.

Sir,

I cannot help supposing, that if tradesmen in general were better œconomists than politicians, and would attend to their own conduct, rather than the affairs of the nation, the clamour against taxes and the orders in council, as well as the number of bankruptcies, to which the mea-

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* Empire 4. 247.

sures of our statesmen are supposed to have given birth, would be considerably diminished.

The progress of a modern bankrupt is usually this. A young man of good character, sets up in business, with a moderate capital and credit, and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and good expectations, from the death of her father or mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years, he finds that his business increases; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him, to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional expence, he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box, therefore, is taken, repaired, new-modelled, and furnished! Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him, just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer, another because he may assist him in his business; a third because he is a relation of his wife's, a fourth because he is an old acquaintance, and a fifth because he is very entertaining; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to stay to dinner, although they have an engagement elsewhere.

He now keeps his horse for the sake of exercise; but this is a solitary kind of pleasure, which his wife cannot share, and as the expence of a one-horse chaise can be but trifling where a horse is already kept, a chaise is purchased in which he takes out his wife and his child as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a chaise is but indifferent amusement for sober people: his wife too is timorous, and ever since she heard of Patty Pan's accident by the stumbling of her horse, has not been able to bear the idea of such a vehicle: beside the expence of a horse and chaise, with what is spent in hot days on coach-hire, falls so little short of what their friend Mr. Soso asks for a coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that might be made him

again. The job coach is agreed for, and the boy in a plain coat with a red cape, who used to clean knives, wait at table, and look after the horse, becomes a smart footman with a handsome livery.

The snug little cottage is now too small for so large a family. They take a trip to Margate, and on their return home, are shocked at the idea of being shut up in a band-box. There is a charming house, with a garden and two or three acres of land, rather further from London, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. It occurs to the husband indeed that the premises are a little more expensive than he should want; but the house is new, and for a moderate expense might be put into excellent repair. Hither he removes, hires a gardener, being fond of botany, and supplies his own table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the articles would have cost him if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable; but his friend of the livery stable does not treat him so well as he expected; his horses are often ill-matched, and the coachman sometimes refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, because "he's answerable to master for the poor beasts." His expences, it is true, are as much as he can afford; but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three excellent acres of grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses for less money than he pays to his friend. A rich relative too of his wife's is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome. The job coach is discharged, he keeps his own carriage, and his wife is now able to pay and receive more visits than she could before: yet he finds by experience that an airing in a carriage is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback. In the way of exercise he must have a saddle-horse, and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies for the sake of his wife.

During this progress his business had been neglected,

but his capital originally small has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die one after another, and remember her only by trifling legacies: his expences are evidently greater than his income: and in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good qualities, but foresight to avoid, and resolution to retrench expences, which his business cannot support, his country house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the Gazette. His country house is let; the equipage is sold: his friends shrug up their shoulders; enquire for how much he has failed: wonder it was not for more; say that he was a good creature, an honest creature, and no one's enemy but his own,—but they always thought it would come to this—pity him from their souls—hope his creditors will be favorable to him—and go to find dinners elsewhere.

L.

THE WHIPS.---No. V.

THE MODERN ALTAMONT. (SEE YOUNG.)

The exploits of this *illustrious* nobleman have rendered him so justly dear to the aspirants after whippism, that we should deservedly lose that best reward of our labours, the friendship of the club, were we to suffer another month to pass away, without recording his great and numerous virtues. The friend of Webster, the pupil of Angelo, the protector of Randall, the rival of Cambridge Jack, and the object of envious astonishment to all the coachmen between London and Exeter, what is there wanting to the absolute perfection of his character as a whip? For learning, indeed, he never was remarkable; his talents are just equal to the comprehension of a *double entendre*, and his virtues are those of the stable, rather

than the church. But all these circumstances are creditable to his pretensions as a whip. Did he possess either the knowledge, or the ability, that are requisite to the guidance of national affairs, selfish people might have just reason to complain of his devotion to the management of horses; and were he possessed of common and vulgar notions of morality, he might disdain to swear, or wench, or indulge in any of the other little eccentricities, by which the true brethren of the profession are distinguished.

It has not a little excited our surprize, that the attention we have hitherto devoted to the Whip Club, has been received by several of its members with other feelings than respect and gratitude. We knew that they gloried in f——n, and we therefore recorded their amorous exploits; we were conscious, that they affected the utmost familiarity with their grooms and jockies, and we published their condescension to the world; we were convinced, that to become a third bottle man was one great object of their ambition; and whenever an individual among them had succeeded in his endeavours, we communicated his triumph to the public. We gave them credit for the attainment of every object they pursue, and carefully abstained from attributing to them any of those vulgar qualities that are the professed objects of their neglect and derision. Yet strange to say, the persons who suppose themselves to have been alluded to, have displayed towards us the most flagrant indications of anger and ingratitude. But it belongs to the profession of whippism, to be eccentric; and it becomes the Editor of a work like this, to receive such testimonies of human frailty with the calmness of philosophy.

The Marquis, we are sure, is a man of different character from many of his friends, and will thank us for detailing his progress in the career of whippism. About six years ago, the jolly fellows of Cambridge having been tired with the monotonous routine of amusements that are usually within the reach of a select portion of aca-

demical society: such as *cutting* in chapel, driving to Dolshom, sitting at the half-way house in a hunting dress over a bottle of wine, while some good natured friend obtains from a poacher a couple of bloody witnesses to your exploits, smuggling a wench into your rooms in a cap and gown, &c.—resolved to establish a society for the improvement of the art of driving. As it was one great object of the institution to promote the cultivation of the language and manners, as well as the scientific skill of *coachmen*, it was called *in limine* the *varment* (or *vermin*) society. Of its costume and general pursuits, we have given a correct description in our second number: it may be necessary to remind our readers, however, that its chief characteristics were wenching, drinking, and swearing; a perpetual employment of slang, and a continual indulgence in obscene conversation. His lordship was the life of the society: no man could tell a *funny* tale, or kick up a row, or manage his tits, or sport a piece with greater animation or more complete effect. He was the idol of the ostlers at the Rose and Crown, the constant companion of Hell-fire Dick, the envied lover of Nancy Smith, and the theme of wonder and admiration to the passengers in the Telegraph. During vacation time, he whiled away the melancholy hours in driving the coaches between London and Cambridge, treating the lower orders of the passengers with gin, and paying the proprietors of the horses a handsome premium of insurance. In term time, as he could not practice the art of driving so often or so securely, he devoted his mornings to Angelo and ———. From the former he received instructions in fencing, and by the latter he was initiated into the polite and elegant accomplishment of *boxing*. We do not remember to have witnessed a more ludicrous exhibition than that of this uncouth, *squabby* looking nobleman, endeavouring to assume the graceful attitudes of a practised fencer. In his pugilistic endeavours he has been tolerably successful: his visits at Gregson's testify his love of the art, and the "peepers"

of his grooms and servants, afford "black and bloody" evidence of his prowess.

Since the death of his father he has bid adieu to the groves of Academus, and has divided his time between London and his paternal estate in the sister country. His metropolitan career has been chiefly distinguished by his turbulence at the Opera, and by his endeavours to rival his friend H. in the good graces of his darling N——a: nor should we have selected him as the subject of the present strictures, had not the public attention been lately called to his exploits by his match to ——. We leave it to our readers to estimate how much courage it requires to travel in a post-chaise, and the degree of skill that is exhibited by the individual who wins a wager through the dexterity of his servants. After being conveyed with unexampled rapidity from one part of the country to another, he no doubt regards himself with renewed complacency. That he is a devilish clever fellow in his way, we readily allow; and since his first object is to become notorious, we are confident that our present endeavour to gratify his wishes, will obtain, as it demands, his everlasting gratitude.

THE REVIEWER. No. XII.

The Fine Arts of the English School, illustrated by a Series of Engravings, from Paintings, Sculpture, and Architecture of eminent English Artists, with ample biographical, critical, and descriptive Essays, by various authors. Edited, and partly written by John Britton, F. S. A. Longman. 1812. 6l. 6s.

The natural operation of quackery in every branch of exertion, is to impede the progress, and obstruct the

rewards of honorable excellence. Where a Rumford, or a Von Feinagle has gone before, it is difficult for a Leslie or a Hatsell to obtain the humblest testimonies of popular confidence, without descending to the arts by which their predecessors imposed on the national credulity. A sincere lover of science or the arts will not stoop to the meanness of emblazoning his own merits, by the usual artifices of puffing; the vulgar, therefore, accustomed to admire the pretenders, with whom ostentation supplies the place of more valuable qualities, will treat the unassuming candidate for public favor with neglect or derision; and the more enlightened few, who have once been deceived by the professors of quackery, will suspect even the honest competitor for the fair rewards of honorable industry.

The public has been so often and so frequently deceived by the lofty professions and the ostentatious jargon of book-making artists, that we are afraid the success of the volume before us, may be impeded by the distrust so natural to the victims of literary depredation. "A burnt child dreads the fire;" and we took up the volume, expecting to find it, like many other expensive works, which we might easily enumerate, a gaudy picture-book, of which the subjects were selected without taste, and engraved with no other purpose, than to catch the eye: containing dissertations, of which the egotism was as disgusting, as the jargon was unintelligible; and exhibiting pedantry without learning, finery without elegance, and prolixity without copiousness.

It is not to be supposed, that on all occasions, the compilers of such works sat down with a cool and deliberate purpose of depredation. There are men who mistake enthusiasm for genius, who suppose that to be always in raptures, is a decided proof of sensibility, and who in the ardor of their professional zeal, and in the fervor of personal importance, outstrip the boundaries of moderation. But while they demand a price proportionate to the conception of their works, the subscriber is con-

demned to compare the sums he has expended with their powers of execution; and it too frequently happens that men of warm temperament, and irritable nerves, are only zealously in the wrong, and that having pursued their studies under the influence of constitutional bias, their application has only confirmed them in error. The bookseller quarrels with the editor, on finding the work so different from what he expected; but the demands of the subscribers must not be entirely disappointed: the work is got up in some way or other, the man of taste views it with indignation, and the *amateur* alderman finds that he is *bit*.

The work before us is of a very different character: the subjects are selected with judgment, the plates are executed with equal correctness and elegance, and the essays, as might be expected from the productions of Northcote, Prince Hoare, John Mason Good, &c. &c. are replete with entertaining anecdote and enlightened criticism. Throughout the volume nothing can be found that is merely intended to catch the eye, and betray the observer into an unwary purchase: the book will bear examination, and does equal credit to the editor, to his literary associates, and to the artists to whom the execution of the plates has been committed.

We cannot indeed coincide with all the opinions either of the editor or his coadjutors. Of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, Mr. Britton asserts, that in design, composition, colouring, *expression*, and above all *identity of personal features*, and felicitous adaptation of character and sentiment, it is a performance that amply justifies those elegant lines of "Shee's Rhymes on Art," which apply to Reynolds.

"Whose genius rais'd his country's name,
Refin'd her taste, and led her arts to fame:
Whose powers unrivalled envy's self disarmed,
Whose pen instructed, and whose pencil charm'd.
Hail! star of art, by whose instructive ray
Our boreal lights were kindled into day."

To the merits of this picture, as a composition, we must join our testimony to that of every preceding critic; but the bias of prepossession could alone, we think, induce Mr. Britton to praise it for *expression*. The head of Garrick, necessarily the first object of attention, is, in our opinion, expressive only of vulgarity. His smile is not the intelligent emotion of a man of genius, but the convulsion of a simple ignorant fellow at once puzzled and delighted. He seems to say with Elliston, Lord! Lord! which shall I go with? The head altogether is a very tolerable likeness both in features and expression of that actor, as Walter in the Babes of the Wood. The vulgarity of effect so observable about the mouth, is occasioned by the distinct and unshaded whiteness of the teeth, which give to his face an appearance approaching that of a grin. It may seem too hyper-critical perhaps to say that the leer of Comedy is roguish rather than *sprightly*, a circumstance which probably led the French engraver to mistake her for Vice.

The volume contains five portraits, eight paintings, six specimens of sculpture, four architectural views, and a design by Gandy. The artists are Reynolds, Shee, Mengs, Flaxman, Westall, Romney, Nollekens, Howard, Northcote, Turner, West, Banks, Gainsborough, Gandy, and Elmes; the engravers are Le Keux, Bond, Cardon, Scriven, Godby, Pye, Scott, and Roffe: the authors, Britton, Adolphus, T. Phillips, J. M. Good, Northcote, R. Hunt, J. L. Bond, Anonymous, Prince Hoare, and E. Aikin. Among the most interesting articles are the memoirs of Reynolds and Wilson, by Northcote and Britton, and from the first of these we shall make an extract.

" When (says Mr. Northcote) we contemplate Sir Joshua as a painter, we are to recollect that after the death of Kneller, the arts in England fell to the lowest state of barbarism, and each professor either followed that painter's steps, or else wandered in utter darkness, till Reynolds like the sun dispelled the mists and threw an

unprecedented splendour in the department of portraiture. To the grandeur, the truth, and the sublimity of Titian, and to the daring strength of Rembrandt, he has united the chasteness and delicacy of Vandyke. Delighted with the picturesque beauties of Rubens, he was the first that attempted a gay and bright back ground, and defying the dull and ignorant rules of his master at a very early period of life, emancipated his art from the shackles with which it had been encumbered in the school of Hudson. Indeed there is every reason to believe that he very rarely, if ever, copied a single picture of any master, though he certainly did imitate the excellent parts of many. His versatility in this respect was equalled only by the susceptibility of his feelings, the quickness of his comprehension, and the ardor which prompted his efforts. His principal aim, however, was *colour* and *effect*, and these he always varied as the subject required. Whatever deficiencies there may be in the designs of this great master, no painter of any period better understood the principles of colouring: nor can it be doubted that he carried that branch of his art to a very high degree of perfection. As for his portraits, those of a dignified character have a certain air of grandeur, and those of women and children possess a grace, a beauty, and simplicity which seldom have been equalled, and never surpassed. In his attempts to give character, where it did not exist, he sometimes lost likeness, but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture."

"The attitudes of his figures are generally full of ease, grace, and variety. He could throw them into the boldest variations, and he often ventures at postures that would frighten inferior painters, or if attempted would inevitably destroy their credit. In light and shade, in colouring and expression, he stands without a rival. His lights display the knowledge he possessed, and with shade he conceals his defects. Whether we consider the power, the brilliancy, or the form of his lights, the

transparency of his shadows with the just quantities of each, and the harmony, richness, and full effect of the whole, it is evident that he has not only far transcended every modern master, but that his excellencies in these captivating parts of painting, vie with the works of the great models he has emulated.

"The opinion he has given of Raffaelle may with equal justice be applied to himself, 'that his materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own.' No man ever appropriated the ideas of others to his own purpose with more skill than Sir Joshua. He possessed the alchemy of painting, by converting, as it were, whatever he touched into gold. Like the bee that extracts sweets from the most noxious flower, so his active observation could convert every thing into a means of improvement, from the puerile print on a common ballad to the highest graces of Parmegiano. In short, there is no painter that ever went before him, from whom he has not derived some advantage, and appropriated the same with judicious selection and consummate taste. Yet after all that can be *alleged to him* as a borrower of forms from other masters, it must be allowed that he engrafted on them excellencies peculiarly his own, simplicity, sentiment, feeling, grace, and taste; together with richness, harmony of colour, and general effect. The severest critics, indeed, must admit that his manner is truly original, bold, and free. Freedom is certainly his principal characteristic; for this he seems to have sacrificed every other consideration. He has, however, two manners; his early works are without that extreme freedom of his dashing pencil, being more minute and fearful; but the colouring is clear, natural, and good. In his later pictures the colouring though excellent is often more artificial than chaste.

"As an *historical painter*, he cannot be placed in the same rank, which he holds in the line of portraiture. The *composition* of his portraits *are* unquestionably excellent, whilst his historical pictures are in this respect

often very defective. They frequently consist of borrowed parts, which are not always in harmony with each other. Though often inaccurate and deficient in style of drawing, they must, however, be allowed to possess consummate taste, and some of them great expression. His light poetical pieces much excelled those of a narrative or historical character."

The character of Sir Joshua as a man, is described with the same impartiality of sentiment, and acuteness of perception, as his qualifications as an artist.

The phisiognomy of Wilson, as exhibited in the likeness here engraved from a portrait by Raphael Mengs, would have awakened in the mind of Lavater, greater doubts than he ever appears to have entertained of the universality of his art. The eye is the only part of his countenance that is not expressive of vulgar stupidity: he looks like a sign-painter about to exercise his talents in the production of a Red Lion or a Black Bull, rather than a man of exquisite taste, and creative fancy, surveying nature with the eye of a poet, and describing its beauties with almost intuitive powers of embellishment. Of this artist Mr. Britton, has written a very satisfactory memoir. But we have already exceeded our limits, and must conclude by recommending the publication to all who can distinguish the expensive from the valuable, and who with a taste for the fine arts and literature, possess the means of indulging in their favourite pursuits.

COLONIAL COFFEE-HOUSE AND SUBSCRIPTION ROOM, *Skinner Street, Snowhill.*

MR. EDITOR,

IT is due to the public, to the real merits of the above

useful establishment, nor less to the respectable person there presiding, that something should be said in negative of those vile insinuations regarding the above establishment, which appeared in an article inserted in your last publication, and which went the unwarrantable length of endeavouring to impress on the public mind that the whole establishment had for its object, or was calculated in its effect, to promote vice and immorality!! The insignificancy of the person avowing himself the author of that article, would justify treating him with silent contempt, were it not certain that characters of worse complexion too often avail themselves of the names of such hirelings that they may feel themselves the more at liberty to give full vent and publicity to their avowed malicious designs, or diabolical purposes.

Generally noticing a few only of the printed rules and regulations of the above establishment, which have for months past conspicuously appeared over the fire-place in the public coffee-room of the above house, will suffice to shew how partial your correspondent has been in his statement, and also by what spirit he was actuated throughout the whole of his remarks. Those rules and regulations plainly point out that a gentleman cannot become a subscriber unless he first leaves his name and address at the bar of the coffee-house, that inquiry may be made as to the respectability of his character; if that is satisfactorily ascertained, then, and not until then, will he be informed he may subscribe to the subscription and reading-room. That being done, he then may, if he approves, and others also approve, introduce his wife or daughter, &c. as occasional visitors, or as subscribers: but on no consideration whatever can he introduce a lady unless "of the *same family*" with himself. Whether your correspondent, or any of his associates, has ventured to undergo that ordeal of character or not, the public must judge. Certain it is, there are who have not been successful in their applications, and it is equally certain the manager will continue, under the countenance and support of subscribers, to accept or negative appli-

cations, in strict conformity with the rules and designs of an establishment calculated to promote public benefit and accommodation, consistent with principles of strict morality.

A Subscriber.

May 27th, 1812.

THE REFORMISTS.

Sir,

The account of the speeches at the late meeting of the reformers (Sir Francis Burdett in the chair), has naturally led me to a review of the conduct and opinions of the advocates of reform; and though I am not unaware that in your general principles you coincide with the individuals to whom the following strictures most immediately apply, yet I hope that neither the mode in which they are expressed, nor the doctrines they contain, will preclude them from the candid attention of your readers. Truth is best elicited by discussion, and they who wish to hear only one side of a question, submit themselves to the chains of voluntary prejudice.

"Reform in parliament" is a phrase that any man can adapt and modify to his own particular opinion, without being conscious perhaps that nine out of ten of his neighbours who employ the same expression, have fixed to it a different meaning from his own. Another unfortunate circumstance attending the use of this expression is that being accustomed to talk ourselves, and hear others talk of a reform in parliament, we insensibly make the admission, that there is something bad in parliament, and when we enter upon this important question, we find ourselves hampered by this preconceived opinion, which we are as much at a loss to get rid of, as we are to say how we acquired it. The advocates for a reform in parliament are

not only bound to shew that abuses exist in the practice of our government, but also that they are the consequences of some defect in our constitution, which the specific remedy they propose will eradicate. Now I do not pretend to deny that some abuses have crept in, and I contend that the instant these abuses are discovered to have a mischievous tendency, and to act like a *remora* on the vessel of the state, they should be instantly removed: it is therefore a reform of abuses and not a reform of parliament, that should be the rallying point for men of every description. Among the abuses which have arisen, it must be confessed that rotten boroughs form a part. But this may be remedied without doing violence to our constitution; the abuse has arisen out of the impolicy of making those privileges local, which ought to have been general; and where would be the injustice of adding the members for such places to the members for the county? I am aware that many of these boroughs are become private property, and that the members are liable to be nominated by one or two persons. But any injustice that might attach to the alteration proposed would be avoided by giving a fair price to the present proprietor of the right. The bargain to the public would be cheap at almost any price; for what would the money be to a nation that can spend eighty millions annually? As to the crown, who is there that would not joyfully add to its splendor and means of gratification, if we were allowed, in return, to abate the indirect influence of ministers? Who would be jealous of the executive power, if the utmost degree of independence were given to parliament? Who would not cheerfully pay their taxes, if simplicity and frugality were introduced among the several branches of public expenditure: *if every improper expence were reduced, if sinecures were abolished, if places of exorbitant profit were regulated, if that part of the public money, which must necessarily remain under discretionary trusts were properly secured, if peculation were duly punished,* and if a wise, vigorous, and prudent administration of affairs were unequivocally to

take place? But there is another measure still more important: I mean the amelioration and improvement of the lower classes by education. What other religious principle is seriously inculcated with a religious view among the poor, except that of bigotry, or to speak more plainly, that of hating their neighbour? What other mode of carrying their political wishes into effect is ever taught them but by means of violence? If abuses are thus removed on one side, and if the manners of the populace are softened on the other by education, no factious declaimer, no seditious demagogue, would be able to disturb our peace, or compromise our tranquillity. Liberty would not seek her temple on the sands of democracy, nor ambition find supporters in the people whose interests it betrays.

When the poor, in consequence of being ill-educated, are ignorant and dissolute, they are easily deluded or corrupted; and it is, therefore, difficult to preserve good order and tranquillity amongst them, and this is still less likely to be effected, if they are given a share in the representation before their minds are prepared to enjoy the boon with advantage. In this country we find our representative system made up of partial representation and partial delegation; and I for one am really desirous of maintaining this scheme, being convinced that it only requires to be practised upon its own principles to make us happy. When we survey the countries that surround us, it must surely exalt and confirm our patriotism to reflect, that our constitution has survived the shocks by which every other has been destroyed, and that we are not enquiring what constitution is the best, but whether the one we possess shall be preserved for us and for our posterity. I am far from asserting that this constitution is incapable of improvement, or that we have no right to improve it: as little am I disposed on the other hand, to admit the fanciful dictum of the indefeasible and imprescriptable right of man, in a state of society, to assent or dissent from the laws by which he is to be bound, either by him-

self or his representative; the fact is that these right, as they are called, are compromised and affected by a thousand incidental circumstances. If I were disposed, for the sake of argument, to admit the existence of such rights, I should still maintain, first, that large and extensive concerns, in proportion to their importance, have a claim to be separated from general rules, and are rather to be considered and decided upon as such, according to their own bearing and operations: secondly, I should maintain that the first right of man is to be as happy as possible, consistently with a similar right in other men, every other right being subordinate to this leading right, and serving only as the means to this end. In the great system of society, therefore, if it should happen, as it necessarily does, that a large description of mankind should be found below that temperament, either of virtue or knowledge, which is necessary to enable them to assist, either by themselves or by their delegates, in judging of their general welfare; the happiness of the whole will require the exclusion of such portion from all interference in the business of politics and legislation: an exclusion which though it is much to be lamented, and as soon as possible to be terminated, yet is, in respect to all good purposes, only nominal: since the exercise of the faculty of judging is only denied to those who are really destitute of the faculty itself. Men may, therefore, so far as relates to politics, be divided into three classes: those who can judge for themselves, those who are able to select others to judge for them, and those who are not capable of doing either. Delegation unites the two first of these classes. Now, great as the advocates for general representation, which shall include the last class, represent this blessing to be, they cannot deny that it ought at first, like life and food to men who have been famished in dungeons, to be administered with caution, and by degrees, and that therefore education must always prepare the way for extending the representation, in every scheme which

has for its object to include the lower orders of society. But delegates chosen by them would endanger other rights far more important to them than those of election. They would also endanger the happiness of other men than those by whom they were chosen, and would prevent that gradual improvement in all classes which ought to be one great object of government. Demagogues consider the ignorant and the poor merely as the means of power, considering themselves as the end, and will have no scruple to employ that very despotism which they deprecate in others, both to acquire power and to support themselves in the possession of it. It is not therefore because they are poor that they are provisionally suspended from the elective franchise, but because the want of property indicates a state of dependance, and a want of that knowledge, without which the exercise of that right might be rendered more mischievous than beneficial to themselves: and this provisional exclusion cannot in my opinion be removed with safety, until that happy period shall arrive, when the administration of public affairs shall offer less temptation for doing wrong, and individuals have a better disposition towards doing right than at present. It seems a strange sort of conduct to neglect the poor and then to plead their ignorance as a reason for denying them either trust or engagement. Let them be educated first, and they will be worthy of confidence. Is it not a general scandal that the chief consolation of the poor in most countries is liquor, and that nothing is thought so dreadful as to let them have any time at their own disposal, though when men are rendered tractable by education, and their manners softened by knowledge, of all indulgencies leisure is the cheapest and most obvious. But though reform ought first to take place in the habits and manners of the people, the neglect of duty in those who have the power to promote it, is no excuse for neglect on the part of those to whom it rests to reform the abuses that press upon the feelings of the people; let a eform of those things anticipate their wishes, that those

who have to grant it may themselves adjust its manner and its measure; but if it is to be adjourned to seasons of disappointment or distress, of danger or of difficulty, and if the people themselves shall be goaded on, till they prescribe the sort of reform that shall take place, to yield will be as dangerous as ungracious.

There is an Italian proverb which says that the Italians are wise before they begin a thing, the Germans while they are about it, and the French when it is over. Let us then be a little wiser than the French, *before it is too late*; for when the state of public affairs, and the temper of the times are duly considered by the wise and the good, it is but too evident that to correct what is actually wrong, is now the only just and efficacious means by which we shall be able to preserve what is really excellent in the practice of our constitution.

W. G——.

EPIGRAMS.

ON READING THE FIRST LINE OF AN EPITAPH.

Here *lies* Tom Williams, who untimely died,
Well—what of that?—the fellow always *lied!*

THE MYSTERY UNFOLDED.

While disappointment bows their heads with shame,
Oh *fickle* prince! the downcast *Outs* exclaim:
As with their shouts of joy they rend the sky,
Oh *mighty* prince! the exulting *Ins* reply:
Yet in one sentiment they both agree,
For *mi-ty* things are often *maggotty*.

EPITAPH ON ADMIRAL COTTON.

In this family vault, a philosopher lies,
Who puzzled of Paris the students so wise,
Till at last having tried all the universe round,
That *Cotton* could never be *worsted* they found.

A LAMENTABLE CASE.

Unhappy Peter, always mellow,
Seized at last with jaundice yellow;
At once forsakes his wine and liquor,
And for the doctor, leaves the vicar;
But, alas, drenched with prescriptions,
Of all prices and descriptions,
He finds himself of drops and pill sick,
No longer *bil*-ious but *bill-sick*.

EPIGRAM.

When R—e in the "*bucket*," first dipt his sleek ears,
His bosom retain'd what would calm all his fears,
And soften his frowning;
But indifferent he felt, if he sunk or he floated,
For he very well knew, who's to "*hanging*"–devoted,
Should never fear—"*drowning*."

AN OLD EPIGRAM REVIVED.

What can *Tommy Onfast* do?
Why drive a phaeton and two:
Can *Tommy Onfast* do no more?
Yes—drive a phaeton and four.

The above epigram was made many years ago, upon the now venerable son of a venerable peer, whose ancestor having been formerly a great *speaker* in a great house of *common* resort, the said Tommy is as desirous

of the fame of a fast speaker, as of a rapid driver, and aims at the character of a wit.

He was once in high favor with a certain portly gentleman, of great personal beauty; and now of the age of fifty, who was then and is still the absolute *regent* of all fashion and frivolity; who governs all the shapes of the tailors, all the gaudy varieties of the fancy waistcoat manufacturers, with unrivalled genius, and undisputed sway; and whom, therefore, we shall designate by the title of the *pink of the mode*, or for shortness the *pink*, or the P——.

This gentleman and the P——, it is believed, are no longer on terms of intimate friendship, and the cause of their difference, is stated to have originated in a dirty, but as it must be admitted witty and princely joke, upon Tommy O——.

The fact is thus narrated by Tommy himself, to some of his friends after dinner.

The P—— invited him to a festive entertainment at *Carburton-house*, with G. H. and many other wits and practical jokers of the day. Charles Fox's well known trick of getting a porter to bedaub his breeches, and then laying a bet that he had not done it himself, was it is believed amongst the pleasant stories that served to exhilirate the hours of *modish* gaiety.

The P—— was determined to imitate the wit and statesman, after his own fashion. The company sat late after dinner, and a dead set was made at *Tommy O——* to get him drunk; when *big Sam*, or some other porter of adequate capacity, was ordered to prepare a bed for *Tommy*, and to warm it, not with the usual warming-pan, but with the warm contents of an infant's easy chair.

When thus prepared *Tommy* was put to bed in a state of absolute intoxication as great as a king, insensible to his present state, and dreaming of future greatness from the favors of his all accomplished and elegant *prince*, the *Adonis* of his day, the delight of all his friends, the terror of all his enemies, and the more than tenth wonder of the world.

1

In the morning the P—— and his friends were at *Tommy's* bed-side to hail his recovery and witness his confusion.

It is needless to add that as Tommy is a gentleman, he could not endure to expose himself to such practical jokes, for he says with the French, *Jeu de main est jeu de vilain*, or in other words, *horse play is fit only for horse jockeys and not for princes.*

He, therefore, has long since absented himself from *Carburton House* and the society of the P——.

MODERN AMUSEMENTS,

OR,

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

How absurd to suppose that those men of high fashion,
Who still in the vortex of pleasure would dash on,
Will attempt no new methods, their purses to drain,
But the same round of pleasures again and again;
No! their spirits are such, and the public must own it,
In fact the late "*bettings*" completely have shewn it,
That sooner than suffer their tastes to be sated,
By common "*amusements*" they long time have hated,
And fearing that "custom" in time would be "law,"
They thousands have lost on the length of a "*straw.*"

See F—l—y at White's, play from morning till night,
With K–nn–rd on his left, L–v–s–n G–w–r on his right;
"A thousand! I have it,"—"I'll take you," "done;"
"done;"
He throws—"Ha, ha! Kinny you see that I've won,"
"I'll again," "make it double"—"ay, or whoever choses;"
He throws—Kinny laughs—pray why? F–l–y loses.

See E–g–r–t–n, Sh–l–y, and C–v–d–sh, three
As eager for sporting as e'er they can be,

On Newmarket's heath met, midst their horses and
hounds,
And thus bet on the sport, as they ride o'er the grounds;
Cries Sir John—" little Dimity's sure to be in,"
" No!" says E–g–rt–n, " Quixote will certainly win,"
" Pugh! Nonsense!" bawls C–v–nd–h, " to cut the debate
" I'll give you the odds, that Quixote's in late,
" And that long back'd Potooooooo's comes in for the
plate."

Soon crown'd with success, then he swaggers away,
'Till R-tl-nd, or R---d, chance to offer him play;
" Done," " done!" still to all cries this turf-beating block-
head,
And when doubling his bets, 'tis his chance to be jockey'd.

See B-r-l-y a brawny, rough broth-eating Scot,
Who's for walking, or fighting,—billiards, what not?
Who's even desirous to keep in the " *stocks*,"
And is up to all tricks, from the "*pit*," to the " *box* :"
Good at driving, or where better hand at a " *milling* ?"
On the " *Champion*" he'll take you a pound to a shilling,
Win his bets," *clash the tits*," to the bank, till they foam,
There deposit his winnings, dismount, and walk home.

And so pregnant with wonders, so bright is this age,
Some shine at the "*bar*," and some on the *stage*,"
For as W—sh on new readings has thrown a new light,
And shone at the " *bar*" as a " *rogue*" clearly bright;
So C-a-t-s on the " *stage*," who would Romeo rule,
When he set up as " *player*," got set down a " *fool*."

But in telling my story, I mean to delight ye,
And not by a " *humbugging*" tale to affright ye;
So I'll on without any more fuming or fretting,
To tell you of Y-r-m-th's new method of betting;
Yet you'll not be surpris'd, such was born in his head,
When his brain is so hot, that his hair is burnt red;

Yet so *high* was his pride, and so *low* was his purse,
That he scorn'd the old way, (thought 'twas nothing to us,)
If he mix'd, (but for once,) his purse to make fatter
The *slang* of the *turf* with *political matter.*

To D-n-h-m-re off with a smiling complexion,
He started, quite big with his mighty projection;
"I'll bet you a thousand," his L—p out-thunder'd,
"That to-night on your list, you'll not count two-hundred;
And I'll give any odds, and to take them here's plenty,
You won't have *that* number, even by twenty."
"Done!" D-n-h-m-re cried, "I'll engage to have more
Than what you have mention'd at least, by a score,
For G-tt-n full well knows the sense of the house,"
"As for that," replied Y——h, "I don't care a louse;
If I win but my bet, and can keep but my station,
I don't care a d—n what becomes of the nation;
And so certain am I of succeeding to day,
That even my "*whiskers*" I'd venture to lay;
But will any more bet? pray M—v-lle will you?
The Scotsman "*nae*" answer'd, but gave him a "*boo*;"
Which Y——h return'd, to the rest made a leg,
Then went off to the house, his friend's voices to beg;
But ah! when got there, his amazement how great,
To find T—y and W—tb—-d ad settled his fate;
And his "*friends*" had to fill up his measure of woe,
Each answer'd to "*aye*" when he wanted a "*no.*"

Then quickly he hied to his mother the "*Quean*,"
And cries "dearest mother, I cheated have been,
But hope in my cause, you will join pure and hearty,
And give me revenge on the whole of that party;
Though T—y should turn his coat over again,
And for place should he sue, let him sue, but in vain;
And I hope to fright W—tb—-d, and punish his fault,
You'll propose an additional "*tax*" upon "*malt.*"

To the world his late actions have render'd it plain,
And decidedly prov'd him a * ——— in "*grain*,"
So I'll now take my leave, dearest mother, and since
People well know the power you possess o'er the P——e;
So influence his mind, as to work their undoing,
And speedily bring the whole party to *ruin*."

L. L.

DANIEL ISAAC EATON.

On the 2d of this month Daniel Isaac Eaton, an old man nearly seventy years of age, who had been convicted of publishing the Third Part of Paine's Age of Reason, was sentenced to be imprisoned eighteen months in the gaol of Newgate, and to stand once in the first month of his confinement in the pillory. It will no doubt afford the attorney-general unmingled pleasure to be informed that on the execution of the latter part of the sentence he was received by the spectators with the most evident testimonies of applause; but for our own parts, feeling as we do the most anxious wish that the influence of christianity may be extended rather than diminished, we could not but regard the prosecution and punishment of this unfortunate old man as tending to give new vigor to infidelity, and to weaken the religious impressions of the multitude. The severity of the sentence, even supposing the guilt of Mr. Eaton to have been attended with every possible aggravation, could not but strike the most indifferent observer: the actual infliction of punishment, as it must be the offspring of persecution or necessity, implied in the one case, the inefficiency of argument to support the interests of religion, and in the other, the convenient assumption of religious zeal as a pretext for the

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* *Brewer*, we suppose.

exercise of arbitrary power. It must have occurred to the most unreflecting spectator, that christianity is the religion of peace and charity, and that a mode of faith, which requires the interference of the executioners of the law, to support its interests, and defend its doctrines, possesses in itself no inherent principle of stability. That the last of those conclusions is erroneous, does not justify the imprudence or vindictiveness of the civil power: the people are not accustomed to distinguish between the folly of the conduct of the magistrate, as directed by the pressure of circumstances, and as influenced by the omnipotence of his own intemperate passions. It is true, that religion stands in need of no auxiliary support from the constituted authorities; but the natural tendency of Sir Vicary's conduct has been to teach them that it does. Those also who believe the punishment to be disproportioned to the crime, will transfer their prepossessions against Eaton's prosecutors, to the motives by which they have been avowedly directed. In their minds, religious zeal will always bear the semblance of persecution; and should the cause of infidelity obtain, in *any quarter of the world*, a partial or momentary ascendancy, its votaries when they devote the resources of the civil power to the extirpation of christianity, may appeal for a justification of their cruelties, to the example set before them by the "lights of our church, and the guardians of our laws."

If it be just to punish an individual for writing against the Christian religion, because it is the religion of the state, or because it conduces in the opinion of the attorney-general to the happiness of mankind, then it is equally just to punish to the same degree the literary advocates of the Unitarians and the Catholics. In the opinion of a Lutheran officer of the crown, the doctrines of Calvin are injurious to the happiness of mankind, and their universal reception would contribute to the downfall of the national religion; and their professors ought therefore to be visited with imprisonment and the pillory. The le-

gislature has indeed defined the limits of punishment, and virtually declared that infidelity is more criminal than dissent; but it has left to the attorney-general a discretionary power of prosecution, and to the judges the privilege of pronouncing a sentence proportionate to the crime; and according to the only principles on which Eaton has been brought to shame, the laws against infidels and dissenters ought to be in the one case so rigidly, and in the other so leniently, enforced, as nearly to coincide. According to the argument derived from expedience, the guilt in both cases is the same, and the degrees of punishment therefore should be equal.

But we are told that the infidel attacks the *fundamentals* of religion, the dissenter only denies his belief to a few subordinate particulars. But it is still on the ground that a national religion is necessary to the existence of the state, that the infidel is punished, and *that* religion must be composed of articles, all of which are disputed in rotation by the various sects, and the fundamental articles therefore must be disputed by some of them. If the divinity of Christ be a fundamental article of the Catholic religion, it is equally denied by the socinian and the infidel. Yet even Sir Vicary Gibbs would be startled at the idea of subjecting a Socinian to the discipline of the pillory: and were Paine and Priestley to rise from the dead, the former would share the dungeon of his publisher, while the latter would be suffered to pursue a new career of wealth and popularity.

The argument so ingeniously drawn by Mr. Prince Smith from the circulation of the classic authors appears to us to be extremely defective in its application to the point at issue. We laugh at the mythology of the ancients as at a dream long past: in the system of their belief there is little that is impressive or seductive; nor would there be any danger that an individual unshackled by the belief of any other religion would be converted to the worship of Jupiter and Juno. Unless he be an ideot or a madman, the christian will not go over to them;

and there is nothing in the writings of their worshippers, that is directly applicable to christianity. They could not bring forward arguments against a religion that they did not know: there may be scattered throughout their works, the embryo principles of general scepticism; but there is nothing peculiarly applicable to the christian, rather than any other system of belief; nothing that deduces from the history of the faith itself, or from the language of its teachers, the grounds of its rejection. But works like those of Volney and Paine, combine the general principles of scepticism, to be found in the writings of the ancient, with arguments peculiarly applicable to christianity. Whether, therefore, their reasonings be founded on correct principles, and be conducted according to the laws of genuine philosophy, or be the mere delusions of disingenuous sophistry, their application is obvious: they shock the piety of those who can understand nothing but their object, and afford materials of superficial declamation or wanton ridicule to the impious. By what mode of reasoning the seminal system of Lucretius, or the atomical hypotheses of Epicurus, may serve the purposes of the atheist, reflection and learning will alone be able to discover; but when one passage of scripture is brought to contradict another, the argument is easily understood. The impression on the mind of a superficial reader, is strong and immediate: and a degree of patient investigation, not usually to be found in the middle and the lower classes of life, may be necessary to trace or to understand the refutation of a trivial and futile objection.

If zeal for the glory of religion, were the stimulus to Sir Vicary's exertions, how will he be able to justify his forbearance towards those, who beneath the garb of sanctity, expose religion to the pity or the derision of the multitude? Eaton is surely a monster of unequalled virtue, compared with him who employs the name of the Almighty for the purposes of fraud; and to deny the divinity of Christ is a more venial crime than to de-

grade him to the level of a tailor or a shoe-black. Surely Sir Vicary is not of opinion that blasphemous hypocrisy is more pardonable than open infidelity.

If infidels be punishable at all, why has Mr. Eaton been selected as the only object of unexampled severity? Hundreds of books more dangerous in their tendency than the Age of Reason, issue daily from the press, some by the modern inhabitants of Grub-street, and some by the philosophers of other times and other countries. A correspondent has recommended to the notice of the editor, Middleton on the early Fathers, Gibbon's History (as to the origin of christianity,) Mirabeau's *Ami d'Hommes*, *Mirabaud's Systeme de la Nature*, Volney's Ruins, Adam Smith's works, Condorcet's last work, and Godwin's Political Justice. These he supposes the editor has not had time to read; but he is not probably aware that, abroad they are smuggled into monasteries, and are found at home, either in the school room, or the circulating library. At Cambridge, Adam Smith must be read by any man who pretends to general information: and Gibbon's history is of course on the desk of every studious undergraduate. Yet, strange to say, the same attorney-general who feels so sensitively alive to the interests of religion, when attacked by an Eaton or a Paine, stands tamely by, while the minds of many hundred individuals destined in future life to become the ornaments of the church, the senate, or the bar, are perverted, or corrupted! It does not follow that because they have received a university education they are invulnerable to the assaults of infidelity. Indolence, a love of hypothesis, the secret impulse of vicious propensities, restrained only by the irksome fetters of early prepossession, and the inability to distinguish between truth and sophistry, necessarily incident to the majority even of well-educated men, all conspire to enfeeble the resistance of the young enquirer to the approaches of scepticism; and if force be more efficacious in the service of religion, than the literary efforts of its champion, it is the imperative duty of the government

to suppress the writings of Hume, and Smith, and Middleton.

It is not our present purpose to enquire into the degree of moral criminality that attaches to the publication of attacks even on the useful prejudices of mankind; but we cannot help expressing our contempt and reprobation of that common and vulgar cant which distinguishes the sceptical essays of the Examiner. If a writer will publish his infidelity, we have a right to expect that he will communicate the reasons on which he grounds his claim to applause or indulgence. The Examiner, instead of employing any arguments in favor of his apostacy, is content with appealing to a well regulated conscience. But the idea of a well regulated conscience, presupposes a *regulator*; and the definition of the word *conscience* itself, is yet a desideratum in the language of infidelity. If the sceptic means by conscience an innate principle, that independently of education, and of times and circumstances, judges intuitively of right and wrong, then no man ever fell into error through ignorance of his duty, the suicides of Jagernaut, are as deserving of admiration as a Howard, or a Hawes; and Bellingham, because he was perfectly satisfied with himself, which he could not have been, had his conscience afflcted him, was as virtuous a character as Mr. Perceval. But if by conscience be meant a faculty of determining between right and wrong, conferred by education, it is natural to ask, from what source the principles impressed on our minds by our instructors were derived; and by what motives we are excited to obey them in the regulation of our conduct. If it even be admitted, that a knowledge of vice and virtue, could be derived from any other source than revelation, the latter part of the question exposes the sceptics to a dilemma, from which they have not yet endeavoured to escape. They assert, indeed, that they refrain from vice, and practice virtue, because they believe, that to do so is the surest mode of obtaining happiness. Now supposing contrary to all experience, that

goodness was its own reward, and that vice entailed upon itself the just punishment of its errors, how few among mankind could be taught to regulate their conduct, by this conviction. Mankind are more forcibly influenced by immediate impressions than by abstract conclusions. They see the idle and the profligate in the full and undisturbed enjoyment of wealth and honors, while virtue is doomed to languish in indigence and obscurity: whatever philosophy may tell them, they believe that the possessor of rank and fortune is happier than the victim of poverty and neglect; with no other motive to guide their steps than the pursuit of their own individual happiness, they would rather be prosperous with the wicked, than unfortunate with the virtuous. Even those who believe, contrary to daily and repeated evidence, that in the affairs of life, *honesty is the best policy*, will not, even on the principle of self-interest, be restrained from the commission of vices not immediately inconsistent with their professional pursuits. The soldier may in the hope of preferment fulfil his duty to his monarch; but will his propensity to seduction be restrained by his desire of happiness?

Human nature, influenced solely by the consideration of temporal advantage, cannot be always on its guard. The prospect of a great but improper advantage to be obtained with little prospect of discovery, tempts the avarice or ambition of the merchant or the statesman. It is but a balance of probabilities; the future is at a distance, and present happiness is within view. Who can blame the sceptic if he hesitates, or if he snatches the present enjoyment, and trusts the rest to fortune and futurity?

The Jews alone, of all the nations with which we are acquainted, looked forward to no other rewards and punishments than such as were of a temporal nature; and their character the same and unchangeable from age to age, has been a compound of meanness and artifice. In every transaction of life, the present advantage is always

before them, and honor and interest equally give way to the desire of immediate gratification. To render virtue firm, undeviating, and consistent, it is necessary that the rewards of virtue, and the punishment of vice, should be independent of contingencies; offering no promise of evasion to the artful, or of concealment to the timid. That final retribution from which even death affords no refuge, and from which neither artifice nor talent, assisted by good fortune, can escape, is the only punishment that influences the imagination of the wicked in its most secret purposes, and gives to futurity precedence over the present.

We firmly believe that from that religion of which they express their disbelief, the sceptics have derived all their notions of that sublime morality, on the beauties of which they dwell with such rapturous enthusiasm; that the best of them fulfil the various duties of life from the habitual influence of religious education, and from secret but unconscious impressions of the fate that await the virtuous and the wicked in a state of future retribution.

That there may be conscientious deists, no one but an uncharitable bigot would deny; but the duty of proselytism is not enforced by any law of reason or philosophy: and granting for a moment that the christian religion were a wild and extravagant system, originating in superstition, and upheld by interest, it may still become an object of serious inquiry with the conscientious deist, whether by extirpating what is intrinsically false, he is not likely to destroy much that is incidentally valuable; and whether in attempting the destruction of the tree itself, he may not be the cause of destruction to the beautiful and salutary plants that were supported by its trunk, and waved beneath its branches?

FEMALE SHOEMAKERS.

MR. EDITOR.

You will no doubt be astonished to hear that in the vicinity of Bloomsbury-square, and indeed in other respectable places, ladies whose external appearance betokens gentility and independence, are now become their own shoemakers. Yes, they absolutely manufacture all their summer and winter shoes, which must surely be a greater injury to the trade than employing journeymen who have not served their time. How any delicate lady can sit down to such laborious work, and spoil her tender hands, by drawing a wax-end, is to me surprising. It is an evident proof of the caprice of the female sex. Were any husband to enjoin his wife to undertake the task, she would become indignant on the occasion, and tell all her neighbours, that her good man, forsooth, wanted her to make her own pumps and boots. This I am wisely assured of, by the conduct of my own lady, who though not of a very tender delicate frame peremptorily refused, during the honey-moon, to cut out an upper leather for me. "I suppose," cried she, in a voice of thunder, "you will next desire me to cut out a *sole;* but no, Mr. Crispin, I will never do any thing that is derogatory to the *soft* sex."

In this improving age, it seems ladies are losing a major part of their *softness;* they are not only determined to hurt linendrapers, &c. by curtailing their dresses, but they are absolutely taking the bread out of shoemakers' mouths, and I should not wonder, if by and bye, they dispensed with all tradespeople. This industrious conduct can only be ascribed to an affectation of prudence and economy; and since ladies can voluntarily work so hard, husbands may now exact from them a double portion of labor. But, in my opinion, they save nothing by manufacturing their own shoes; domestic

business (which *men* cannot perform) must be neglected, and while they are affixing *heels* to their boots, they ought perhaps to be darning the heels of their stockings.

I have written these few lines, as hints to leather-*sellers*, hoping that they will put an additional price upon these materials, when selling them to any person not in the *trade*: ladies will then find themselves out of pocket, by making their own shoes, and they must be very industrious indeed, if they then continue the employment.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
CRISPIN.

Holborn.

A LOYAL HARANGUE.

Sir William Curtis rose, and expressed himself in the strongest terms of enthusiasm. He assured the chairman and the company, that nothing could be more *palatable* to his taste, than the testimony of their approbation, just conferred upon him. He flattered himself, that he felt a peculiar *relish* for the society of the loyal and respectable members of the livery of London. He hoped that their resolutions would be thoroughly *digested*, and would convince the people, that the citizens of the metropolis of the world, disdained to *purvey* to the public *appetite*, for democratical insolence and abuse. He felt a *pie-house* awe, whenever the name of patriotism was employed, for the worst of purposes. People had accused him of *fishing* for popularity; but he defied any one to prove that he had ever *swallowed* a bribe, or drank so deep as the patriots themselves, at the fountain of corruption. He was convinced, that the proceedings of that day would place the rebellious and disaffected

in a very aukward *pickle*—he begged pardon, he meant to say *predicament*. They had *floundered* terribly of late, and would soon be *dished*. He had never mounted the *roast-rump*—yes, *roast-rump* he repeated, for he had heard the word in Julius Cæsar, for the purpose of deluding the multitude. He had already witnessed many scenes of noise and turbulence, but hoped that the vessel of state would ultimately ride in safety, like a civic yacht in the *port* of London. There was plenty of *food* for observation in the remarks that had been already made by the gentleman who preceded him; but he would not trouble the company with *soup*-erfluous observations. He would, however, hold out the *olive*-branch of peace, to his political opponents; and though he *boiled* with indignation at the thoughts of compromise, he could find in his heart to eat at the same table with the bitterest of his foes. It was not his custom to *mince* matters, and if he thought that any individual in that room was inclined to a compromise, he would *spit* him. The opposite party were extremely *saucy*, and deserved to be well *peppered* by the Attorney General. He was surprized to see so few gentlemen of the *cloth*: he was aware that some persons might mistake his meaning, and he therefore thought it proper to declare that he did not allude to the table cloth. He was surprized, he repeated, to see so few clergymen in the assembly; since no three things accorded so well as religion, loyalty, and good-living. But he must hasten to conclude: he was melted almost to a *jelly*, and would sit down perfectly *satisfied*, if he should be allowed the humble merit of having fulfilled all the duties of a good citizen: he certainly preferred solid pudding to empty praise; but syllabub, though unsubstantial in itself, was a very good accompaniment to turtle or venison. He thanked the company for the attention they had paid to him, and after thanking the chairman for the intellectual feast afforded them by his opening address, gave place to the next speaker.

POLITICAL OBSERVER. No. XI.

The formation of a vigorous ministry has already occupied a fortnight, and the arrangements have not yet approached to a conclusion. Lord Wellesley disdains to serve under the banners of a Liverpool; and Lord Liverpool declares that he will not truckle to a Wellesley. The Catholic question, on which these patriotic statesmen profess to differ, is only a secondary occasion of quarrel; personal precedency is the important subject of dispute, and to the selfish vanity of these individuals the interests of the country, and the dignity of the prince, have become an equal sacrifice. That the Marquis should indeed obtain the first place in whatever administration may be formed, is due to his services and his talents: as a politician, who is willing to serve his country when his services are likely to benefit himself, he may not deserve our reprehension; but as a patriot, the importance he attaches to his own precedency, degrades his character, and effaces his pretensions to public virtue. But what in him may in some measure be excused, as a just sense of his own importance, is in Lord Liverpool the downright fatuity of egotism: like wiser and better men, he has mistaken length of possession for original right; and fancies himself a great minister because fortune in one of her sportive moods deprived the counting-house of a useful servant, by opening to his view the honors and emoluments of office.

The same regard to etiquette is observable between the Marquis and Lord Grenville. Lord Moira was at one time to be made first lord of the Treasury, that Lords Wellesley and Grenville, who both aspired to the presidentship, might be placed on an equal footing. Last night, however, a *projet* was actually circulated, in which Lord Grenville's name was affixed to the presidentship of the council, that very office for his acceptance of which Lord

Sidmouth has repeatedly sustained the taunts and ridicule of the opposition. "How is thy greatness fallen," exclaimed the partizans of Lord Grenville, when the ci-devant Chancellor of the Exchequer sunk into the insignificance of of an unimportant office. "How is thy greatness fallen," we exclaimed, on reading the *projet* of last night, and learning, from unquestionable authority, that it was the production of Lord Moira, and had been received without humiliation by Lord Grenville. Yet it was not for any want of inclination to accede to the overtures of the Regent, that Lord Grenville has sustained so bitter a disappointment. Both he and his colleagues have displayed a pliability of principle, commensurate with their eagerness for the enjoyment of place and power. With regard to the war on the Peninsula, (which they at first opposed, *merely* because to oppose it would annoy the ministers,)they declare"that to give any decided opinion on its management, would be impossible without access to official documents:" intimating, in reality, that when they come in they will tell us more about it; and preparing the way for their conversion, without subjecting themselves to the charge of inconsistency. They had forgotten, when they so unwarily declined to offer an opinion on the management of the war, without access to official documents, that they had already expressed themselves, repeatedly and decidedly, in reprobation of the manner in which it had been conducted. According, therefore, to their own declaration, they censured the measures of the persons to whom the prosecution of the war was committed, without any materials before them from which to deduce an opinion, and excited by no other motive than the mere necessity of pertinacious opposition.

If Lord Grey, the haughty "*propugnator*" of aristocracy, hot with the tuscan grape, and high in blood at the moment of expected possession, has found that as long as an English governor respects the popular opinion, so long Lord Grey must be content to amuse himself with dis-

tant speculations on the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the foreign office. Lord Grenville, whose whole political life appears to have been expressly of that nature, which it would be most advantageous for a true statesmen to study (as navigators study a map of rocks and shoals) has passed sentence upon himself, and under no aspect of public affairs, can he hope to obtain the public confidence. What man can rely on his political honesty? What man will believe his political creed? What man will be attached by his popular professions? We believe, solemnly, not one. And is this all that can be done, by high rank, large fortune, and public opportunities? Is this the melancholy account, of all that is left to Lord Grenville, after a political life of thirty years. *Annon* (says Cicero), *Annon* vindices fiunt Dei immortales ipsi? *Annon æstuat cœli ira eos, qui capessant, tantum ut prodint rempublicam.*

But we have still some feeling for Lord Grenville. Cicero in the *De Senectute* talks of the incomparable delight of retirement, to a man who has no other task than to recapitulate his good deeds, and prepare for that state, to which the Greys and the Grenvilles, the weak and the wavering, the petulant and the proud, must go down like Pitt and Nelson. But we do not wish the faculties of those distinguished peers and accomplices to be altogether indolent. We will give Lord Grenville, in the first place, as matter of contemplation, the necessary odium which falls sooner on every man hardened and heartless by nature, tricking and shuffling by habit, using the popular cause to push himself within the reach of power, participating in the clamours of the multitude without a consideration of the mischiefs which they might extend; but only looking forward to the impulse which they might give to his own advancement. There are such men in society; but they are generally to be found among the low in fortune, the ruined in character. It was left for *us* to see one of the leviathans of the state raising the storm, exciting it by every means that great power and

great influence gave to his use, careless of the evil which might be done by its tumult, and only looking on each successive burst of the great ocean of popular feeling, as a successive impulse to his progress. It gives us all the genuine delight of retributive justice, to see the leviathan, just as he had reached his object, deserted by the waves, the waters at once retiring from him, and leaving him a spectacle of helpless awkwardness on the shore; a mark for every petty weapon; a mass of lifeless blubber, without animation or vitality.

We do not say that it is impossible for the Grenvilles to obtain an ascendancy in the Prince's councils: the weakness of one party, and the uncompromising character of another, may render the conditional appeal to a third not only expedient but necessary. But whatever they may have hitherto declared, even a regard to their own characters will compel them to adopt the leading features of the foreign policy pursued by their predecessors. They know that to withdraw our troops from the Peninsula would expose them to the execration of their country and of Europe; that it would obliterate in the nations of the continent all remembrance of British honor, and excite throughout the empire a mingled feeling of indignation and despair. Even admitting the impolicy of beginning the contest in the Peninsula, we are pledged to its continuance; but to continue it without exertion would be to expose ourselves to the resentment of our allies, and the ridicule of our enemies. We can maintain a body of inactive troops at home at a less expence than in Portugal; and a lingering and defensive warfare may exhaust our resources as effectually as an enterprising system of offence, without affording even the possibility of a triumphant issue.

We take it for granted, therefore, that if they return to power, they will feel it necessary, even at the risk of subjecting themselves to the charge of inconsistency, of pursuing the line of policy already recommended by Lord Wellesley: and since that nobleman is an advocate

for the Catholic claims, what advantage do the friends of Roscoe, and the opponents of foreign warfare, expect from the return of the opposition to power? If even an objectionable line of policy be pursued, it is desirable indeed that it should be conducted with consummate talent, and atoned for by the attention of the ministers to domestic economy. Now, even the admirers of Lord Grenville will scarcely endeavour to place him on a level of political talent with Lord Wellesley; and if any doubts remain as to the inclination of either party to mitigate the burthens of the people, they are in favor of the latter. The former has been tried at home, and his pretensions to the character of a disinterested economist are well understood: the profusion of the latter, in a country where profusion was necessary, and where power is absolute, is by no means decisive evidence of his unwillingness to comply with the wishes of the people at home, by husbanding our revenues, and diminishing the amount of an unnecessary and extravagant expenditure. We may say of *him*, at least, what we cannot say of the opposition, that he squandered his treasures to some purpose; and was not at once timid and extravagant. Inattention to the minor considerations of pecuniary prudence, may be forgiven to the statesman and the warrior: the appropriation of the spoils of warfare may be granted to the conqueror; but contempt and detestation, only, are reserved for him who squanders the property of others because it does not impoverish himself; who claims the reward of services that he does not perform, and while he exhausts the resources of the empire committed to his guidance, neither extends its sway, nor confirms its stability.

May 29th.

CAMBRIDGE POLITICS.

SIR,

IN an early number of your valuable publication you gave a detailed account of the intrigues employed to exclude the Rev. Dr. Browne, the Master of Christ's College, from his succession to the office of Vice Chancellor. That these intrigues were partly occasioned by the dread of his fearless and independent spirit, you hinted at the time, and your supposition has since been confirmed by the conduct of his opponents. Having fulfilled his duty according to the dictates of his conscience, he is now accused of being lukewarm in his country's cause, by men who have no other pretext of complaint than that he has opposed their endeavours to monopolise all the power inherent in the university, and to render it the instrument of base subservience to the existing government.

Dr. Mansell, the bishop of Bristol, having drawn up an address, expressive of the condolence of the university on occasion of the death of Mr. Perceval, and having contrived amongst other matters appropriate to the subject, to introduce the expression of certain political sentiments; Dr. Browne, coinciding in the general tenor of the address, yet unwilling to sanction the irrelevant and disputable sentences, laid before Dr. Mansell an amended address; in which the bishop, however, refused to acquiesce; and the original being actually presented by him to the *caput*, Dr. Browne in the conscientious performance of his duty threw it out. The amended petition was now introduced by Dr. Browne, after having received the approbation of every individual to whom it had been previously submitted. It conveyed no political sentiments, it merely condoled with the Regent on the death of Mr. Perceval, and expressed the satisfaction of the university, that the hand of the assassin had not been directed by the rage of party, or his crime been accomplished in participation with any description of political malcontents.

Yet, strange to say, the address was rejected at the instance of those who had approved of it, in private, not because it was improperly expressed, or conveyed any sentiment in which the whole university did not coincide, but because, to reject it, would revenge the cause of Dr. Mansell, and be retaliatory upon Dr. Browne, for his opposition to the original address. Such is the splendor of university wisdom, and such the radiance of academical virtue!

That Dr. Mansell accustomed to lord it over this establishment, without being opposed by the shadow of resistance, should have expressed much irritation at the issue of his exertions was to be expected. But he has not endeavoured to repair his defeat by any new effort at political composition: the University is quiescent; and the deputation to Carlton House, is in all probability postponed to a more favourable opportunity.

In the mean time the progress of the friends to Catholic emancipation is unexpectedly rapid. The heads of colleges are the only individuals who actively oppose it: petitions against it may be presented by secret combination and *finesse*, but the general disposition of the University is favourable to their claims. No one can accuse *us* of being inattentive to our own security, or the interests of the church; and if *we* be satisfied, the community at large need no longer be startled by the cry of emancipation.

W. J.

Cambridge, May 29, 1812.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

To flatter the Irish, is as dangerous as it is unnecessary. In the general character of the natives of the sister kingdom, an an[illegible]tion of precedence is one of the most obvious features. The *ingenuus puer, ingenuique pudoris* is a phenomenon that we have not witnessed in the course of an extensive intercourse, with the juvenile part of the Irish community: they are loth that either their virtues or their talents, should remain undiscovered by their associates, and generously proclaim the mental and moral endowments, of which they suppose themselves to be the possessors. If any one species of *clap-trap* has been within the last five years, more disgusting than another, it has been the introduction of common-place eulogy on the Irish character. Scarcely a play is represented, in which we are not told that "though the head of an Irishman may sometimes lead him astray, his heart is never in the wrong place;" and "that dear little Ireland is the land of generous souls, but hasty tempers." That these assertions are partly true, we admit; but why must we be disgusted with their frequent and fulsome repetition? From the anxiety of our playwrights, to introduce them into their productions, it might be imagined that the virtues of the Irish were problematical: gratitude is most warmly felt by those who possess the fewest claims upon our favor, and with whom the demonstration of our kindness is most unexpected; and they who best deserve to be eulogized for their virtues, least regard the language of flattery or exaggeration.

Mrs. Lefanu, however, conceiving that a general prejudice against the natives of Ireland was entertained by

their English brethren, has written a comedy for the sole purpose of exhibiting upon the stage 'an *Irish gentleman*' such as he now exists in society; and this purpose she has endeavoured to accomplish in the portraiture of Fitz-Edward. But her hero, though intended for an Irish gentleman, might be with equal propriety regarded as a Frenchman, a German, or an Englishman. In the written play, and independent of any additional feature of manners or character, superadded by the performer, Fitz-Edward is a young man of education and address, of generous sentiments and amiable habits. Mrs. Lefanu well knows that such individuals may be met with in as great a number even in this profligate and dissipated town as in the capital of Ireland; they have trodden the English stage from time immemorial, without exciting a suspicion that they were the "Sons of Erin," or being recognized as their brethren by the natives of the sister country.

To detail the plot of a comedy, affords but little pleasure to those who have not witnessed its representation, and is superfluous to those who have. The story of the Sons of Erin, is sufficiently interesting to keep the attention alive, though it displays no unusual powers of contrivance. To develope the good qualities of Fitz-Edward is the first purpose of the authoress, and she has therefore, introduced him as an amanuensis into the family of his wife, who are all provoked by her running away with an Irishman, and with whom she has in vain implored a reconciliation. Under the name of Melville, he obtains the confidence of his father-in-law (Mr. Rivers), the *love* of his maiden sister, and the respect of the other members of the family, and when he has succeeded in removing their prejudices, he discloses himself. The chief characters are Fitz-Edward, (Mr. *De Camp*); a fluttering, but insinuating coxcomb, who endeavours by flattering her passion for poetry and sentiment, to gratify his vanity rather than his passions; Patrick, the Irish servant of Sir Edward, (Mr. Johnston); Lady Ann Lovel (Miss Duncan) an Irish widow, whose vivacity is chas-

tened by good sense, and whose frankness of manner gives new grace to virtue; and Miss Ruth Rivers, a chemist and a blue stocking. The chief merit of Mrs. Lefanu's portraitures is the natural and unobtrusive expression of character. The features of the individuals are distinctly marked, and their deportment characteristically expressed; yet the most perfect repose, and the most charming facility of manner, pervade the composition. Mrs. Lefanu is the Reynolds of the drama. She gives to common characters a grace and an expression that they do not originally possess, and conscious to what purposes her talents may be most effectually devoted, resigns the vain ambition to create, for the conscious certainty of giving new charms to truth, and new animation to virtue.

The dialogue, though it does not sparkle with wit, exhibits occasional examples of genuine humor, and is written with taste, feeling and simplicity. The sentiments when they are original animate the language of the dialogue, and when they do not surprize or impress the audience by their novelty, deserve the praise that Pope regarded as peculiarly applicable to wit; as being "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed." Lady Ann speaking of *Oddly*, an eccentric, exclaims, "not that I like these mannerists in general: for singularity as often springs from affectation and vanity, as from peculiarity of character; and we are seldom recompensed for the absence of good breeding, by the qualities which displaced it." Sir Frederic Fileamour, speaking to Mr. Rivers in the presence of his wife, exclaims officiously, "I should think Mrs. Rivers's uniform propriety puts calumny to defiance," and the observation gives rise to this reply and rejoinder.

"Sir F——— (*aside.*) Jealous by all that's fortunate, I am well convinced of that; but surely you have no objection to all the world's paying homage to it?

Mr. R——— not in the least, provided it be a silent one; but *praise from a common acquaintance, for those*

qualities, that intimacy alone can discover, is as offensive to sense as delicacy."

The following is well expressed, though concluded by a pun.

" *Oddly.*—I rather doubt that, Sir: your nervous ladies can't endure the address of blunt honesty. They can brave the midnight air, after a hot ball-room, and the cold they take is nervous; but they are too delicate to risk their nerves by going to church. Their ears are nervous, their eyes are nervous, every thing is nervous about 'em, except a good nervous understanding."

The language of Patrick, the Irish servant, is neither crowded with oaths nor blunders; yet there is a raciness in his phraseology, that at once delights by its singularity, and impresses by its conformity to nature. He is an odd mixture of gallantry, affection, and amusing vanity.

Of the dialogue it is difficult to convey a correct idea, by a detached extract. The following scene affords a fair specimen of the diction.

" *Lady A.* Stop, I guess what you are going to say. But tell me about this fair lady of yours; for as my intimacy with her family commenced since her marriage, I never saw her: describe her, that I may judge whether she is worthy of having supplanted me,

Fitz. It would be difficult to find any one who could.

Lady A. Handsome no doubt she is; but has she an air, a manner, an indescribable something which is more alluring than beauty, more captivating than wit, more attracting than sensibility? Is she, in short—

Fitz. Like your charming self, my sweet cousin? no, positively, she is not like you, yet she is lovely.

Lady A. But how does this extraordinary goodness accord with her marrying you in a clandestine way.

Fitz. The only fault she ever committed. I found her at Bath, with an old deaf card-playing relation. She was in no great delight at her father's marriage. We pitied each other, and it led us further than we intended, even to Scotland.

Lady A. And your father, I suppose, in a spirit of

christian forgiveness, disinherited you for marrying without money.

Fitz. Oh, no, no; he did much worse—he left me his whole estate, and my own discretion was my only guide. Not to weary you with a history of thoughtless extravagance, three years almost completed my ruin: my estate is mortgaged—I left Ireland, where Emily remains to collect our little wreck of fortune, and came here to try mine in the lottery of great men's promises.

Lady A. And have you succeeded?

Fitz. No: nor do I think I shall. I have a very troublesome inmate in my heart that *won't* leave me a moment's quiet, *were* I to fashion my principles to my necessities.

Lady A. Perfectly right. But my heroic cousin might induce to starve rather than bend: yet for the sake of your Emily, I think you ought to try to accommodate matters. Let me interfere, I will speak to your father-in-law.

Fitz. Enough of self. Tell me, my fair monitress, something of your affairs. Fame has given you many lovers.

Lady A. She is too courteous; I wish for none. I have not the least inclination to part with my dearly prized liberty; I hate control; and when that submissive animal, a lover, is changed into that lordly one, a husband, adieu to all the delights of life.

Fitz. Why no; honestly speaking, you who are formed to inspire love—

Lady A. Oh! your servant, Sir!

Fitz. Do you pretend to say you never felt it?

Lady A. No, I never have. A vagrant Cupid may, in fluttering round me have brushed me with his wing, but I have escaped his dart. My father chose to marry me at sixteen to a man whom I tried to esteem, but whom nobody could love; and when after six years bondage I recovered my freedom, I determined not to surrender in a hurry.

Fitz. And therefore you refused me?

Lady A. If my heart is not very susceptible of love, I feel that it is capable of friendship; and believe me, Fitz-Edward, I will not rest till I have done something to serve you.

Fitz. (*Takes her hand and kisses it.*) I cannot express my gratitude.

Lady A. You need not. I do not require such warm acknowledgments."

The performers, with the exception of De Camp, fulfilled their respective parts, to the satisfaction of the audience, and evinced, by the success of their exertions, the possibility of representing with due effect a modern play that has not been written *for the actors.* Every individual was at home except the representative of Fitz-Edward, whose *hardness* and aukwardness of manner prevent him, notwithstanding his natural qualifications for the stage, from personating with success the heroes of genteel comedy. Elliston is the only performer on the stage who is capable of giving its full effect to a character like Fitz-Edward. Jones is too spruce, and smart, and *dapper*; Wrench is deficient in energy and enthusiasm, and Melvin gives to all his gentlemen the manners of a player. Elliston alone is at once the ardent lover, and the easy gentleman: graceful without foppery, and spirited without extravagance.

We are by no means the ardent admirers of the manager of the Lyceum, and it is possible that the regard he has hitherto displayed to the interests of the legitimate drama, may be owing to his consciousness that a theatre so circumscribed in its dimensions, as that of which he is the manager, can neither remunerate the expence, nor afford occasion to the effective display of equestrian exhibitions. But to whatever cause the distinction may be ascribed, it will at least be recorded, that during the sojourn of the Drury-lane company, at the circumscribed scene of their present efforts, nature and decency retained their predominance, and the exhibition of human

passions, and human manners was more frequent than the display of animal agility. The House of Morville, and other productions of a similar character, have atoned for their intrinsic defects by their exclusion of dangerous, and less rational performances. The productions of Mrs. Lefanu, have not only this negative merit, but a positive tendency towards the cultivation of legitimate taste, and the promotion of correct and genuine morality. It gives us pleasure to bear testimony to the chastity of diction, purity of sentiment, and the elevation of character, which adorn and embellish her only effort as a dramatist: at an era when indelicacy is regarded as the most seductive accompaniment of wit, and *malignity* of expression is received as a compensation for every intellectual deficiency, a praise like this must be as grateful to him who ascribes, as to her who receives it.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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